

Divergent Paths

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/31548338) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/31548338>.

Rating:	Not Rated
Archive Warning:	Choose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Fandom:	Video Blogging RPF , Minecraft (Video Game) , Dream SMP , mcyt
Relationship:	Toby Smith Tubbo & TommyInnit , Ranboo & Toby Smith Tubbo , Grayson Purpled & Toby Smith Tubbo , Grayson Purpled & Ranboo & Toby Smith Tubbo & TommyInnit , Cara CaptainPuffy & Niki Nihachu , Alexis Quackity & Sapnap & Karl , Clay Dream/GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Darryl Noveschosch & Zak Ahmed
Character:	Toby Smith Tubbo , TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , TommyInnit's Father (Video Blogging RPF) , TommyInnit's Mother (Video Blogging RPF) , Ranboo (Video Blogging RPF) , Grayson Purpled (Video Blogging RPF) , Ranboo's Mother (Video Blogging RPF) , Technoblade (Video Blogging RPF) , Niki Nihachu , Cara CaptainPuffy , Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , Karl Jacobs , Alexis Quackity , GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF) , Wilbur Soot , Phil Watson (Video Blogging RPF) , Kristen (Video Blogging RPF) , Charlie Dalglish , Charlie Slimecicle , Darryl Noveschosch , Zak Ahmed , Hannah Hannahxxrose , Antfrost (Video Blogging RPF) , Luke Punz , Ponk DropsByPonk (Video Blogging RPF) , Jschlatt (Video Blogging RPF) , Eret (Video Blogging RPF)
Additional Tags:	Alternate Universe - Rock Band , Band Fic , High School , Alternate Universe - High School , Music , Keyboard player Tubbo , Lead Singer Tubbo , Guitar Player Purpled , Toby Smith Tubbo-centric , Thomas Simmons Tommy-centric , Ranboo Ranboo-centric , Grayson Purpled-centric - Freeform , No Smut , Secret Identity , Drummer TommyInnit , Bass Player Ranboo , Identity Reveal , Teacher Technoblade (Video Blogging RPF) , Singer Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , Drummer Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF) , Pianist Karl Jacobs , bassist Quackity , Bassist George , producer Wilbur , Principal Philza , Vice Principal Philza , Principal Kristen , guitarist nihachu , Guitarist Niki , Ukulele player Niki , Ukulele player Nihachu , Pianist Puffy , no hurt , Comfort No Hurt , No Hurt all Comfort , Fluff , all fluff no angst , no angst all fluff , all fluff , all comfort , No Angst , Snowchester , Snowchester on Dream Team SMP (Video Blogging RPF) , Eggpire , Eggpire on Dream Team SMP (Video Blogging RPF) , PuffyChu , the feral boys , Minors , the dream smp minors , Oh My God They're Idiots , author forgot Jack and Charlie existed that one chapter- , CAN WE GET BAD AND SKEPPY'S NAMES OFF THE TAGS??? WHY IS THEIR NAMES THEIR FULL NAME WHAT THE SHIT , Feral boys , manager Schlatt , Manager Jschlatt , singer Eret , popstar eret , I almost just wrote "poptart eret". that would have been great ngl :/
Language:	English
Collections:	Completed stories I've read , ctommy ctommy chomolo chommy
Stats:	Published: 2021-05-26 Completed: 2021-07-02 Chapters: 27/27 Words: 56463

Divergent Paths

by [Celeste11a](#)

Summary

Four teenagers from four different cliques and two different countries come together due to a music assignment and a music contest, and goes from a victory in a small contest to becoming a whole ass new internet sensation and somehow gets on a famous TV show while trying to stay anonymous.

Or, four idiots gets pushed into the spotlight with no warning, while trying to be secretive. They fail <3

Notes

Hi! I'm Enchan, this is my first, actually serious, and not a reupload, fic on Ao3.

I have no idea how this shit works but let's just go for it!

Also hello Wattpad people :D I won't abandon you guys, I swear! The main fic will be back!

Chapter 1

“I’m off then.” Tommy tapped the toes of his shoes to the floor mat in front of his front door.

“Text us every night, okay?” His mom made the boy promise.

“Of course.” Tommy replied simply.

“Don’t stay up too late, and don’t disrupt your hosts with your bloody drumming!”

“No promises.”

“Tommy.”

The blond gave a weak laugh. *Oh I fucked up.* “Kidding, I won’t bother them too much.” His mother pinched the bridge of her nose in annoyance before pulling her son in for a hug.

“*Don’t*.” She spoke one last time in warning.

“*Won’t*.” The boy promised.

“Good. Off you go, now.” The woman swatted the boy off towards the school, and Tommy, with a sigh, headed off with a heavy backpack and two suitcases, one of them was larger, containing his electric drum set. Thankfully, the building was only a minute or two away, and he arrived quickly. In front of the school was a bus, and a teacher stood in front of it.

“Tom.” She greeted.

“Ms. Prime.” Tommy greeted back.

“You ready?”

“...” Tommy paused to think back to a few months ago, where he first got the news of an exchange program to the United States. The good ol’ USA was never too intriguing to Tommy, but he had always had a curiosity on how life is there, opposing to the UK. So of course, that night, Tommy slammed the paper for the program down onto the dining table the first thing he did after he came home for school.

Few months later, he's going to the US of fucking A.

“Sure.” Tommy replied simply.

“Good, get your luggage into the space under the bus, and we’ll be off soon. I’ll follow you guys to the airport, then we’ll get you guys going, alright?”

“Sounds good.” Tommy smiled before heading to place the bag down in the space before heading into the bus. From his backpack, the boy brought out a pair of headphones and his phone, and plugged the things into each other, before pushing the earbuds lightly into his ear. Playing an early 2000 to 2010 sort of playlist, Tommy tapped his feet along to the beat as he rested his head onto the window.



Tubbo stood in front of the bus, his luggage stowed away safely, and ready to get on the bus that sat in front of him. With a deep sigh, he walked onto the bus. People sat sparsely around the small bus, he noted a few of the popular people sitting in the back. All of them decided to just get on the same program at once. There was also a blond boy sitting near the middle, listening to music with his head leaning on the window. Tubbo decided to not bother either of them, and just sat in parallel to the blond kid. He glanced over to the taller boy, seeing if the other noticed him at all, and to see if he could make some small talk.

No luck.

Tubbo just sighed softly to himself and plugged in his headphones, putting on a random public playlist, hugging his bag to his chest, while the popular kids shouted from the top of the bus, and the blond kid hummed softly to the song that was playing through his headphones. A two girls came into the bus, and Tubbo closed his eyes as the bus started moving.



“For the last time, mom, it’ll be fine.” Ranboo held his mother by the shoulders, grounding the anxious woman. “The house is clean enough, there isn’t much clutter, they’ll be fine with it, and they’ll be completely, completely fine with anything.” He reassured, not even sure if he was lying or not.

“Okay...” The mom sighed, “Okay.”

“Okay?” Ranboo echoed.

“Yes, okay.”

“Okay. I’ll be off to school now, and I’ll pick them up from the airport after school, and I’ll be back before dinner.” the taller explained the plan again, for the millionth time.

“Okay.” The shorter woman nodded once again.

“I’ll be off.”

“Stay safe!” Ranboo’s mother spoke again, and the boy just nodded before entering his car. It was quite early in the morning, at 6am. Volleyball practice is a bitch, isn’t it?

Ranboo turned the bluetooth on his phone and the car, and put on some music.



“Okay...” Purpled checked his phone again, the sun slowly lowering in the horizon. “No that’s the- wrong- airport- how the fuck is it the wrong one?” with a heavy sigh, he took the phone into his hands, fumbling with it until it turned to the right destination. “Okay.” He sighed one last time before heading out of the school parking lot and onto the highway. The phone was connected to bluetooth, playing music softly while the car drove, the maps app occasionally telling the boy instructions as he drove.

Little did the four boys know, they were listening to the same playlist.

Purpled arrived in the airport, pulling into the terminal. Scanning through the numbers, he decided to text the person that his family would be hosting, his name was Thomas, Purpled believed. He quickly typed in the boy's number and sent him a text.

You

Hi! Is this Thomas?

Thomas

Yes

Are you the host family?

You

Mhm, where are you?

Thomas

There's a pole here that says 21?

Idk, honestly.

You

Understandable, I will be there in a second :D

Thomas

Pog :D

Purpled looked to his right to see pole five. "Okay, let's go." He spoke quietly to himself as he started the car again, driving towards the positives, soon reaching pole twenty one. He parked the car, switching over the mode. In between poles twenty one and twenty two stood a lanky boy with short dirty blond hair and sharp blue eyes. Purpled opened the passenger seat's window and called out to the boy. "... Thomas?"

The other's eyes snapped to Purpled's. "Uh... hi?" Purpled walked out of the car and towards the slightly shorter blond.

"Hi, uh... I'm Grayson." he held his hand out. "But my friends mostly call me Purpled."

Well that's a strange nickname... Tommy thought, confused, but he took the other's hand. "You have my name, I assume, but Tommy is fine." He shook the hand.

"Do you want to uh..." Purpled let go of Tommy's hand, and looked back to the car. "Put your stuff in the trunk?"

"Yeah- yeah of course." Tommy moved towards the back of the car, and the two boys put the things in.



Ranboo, on the far back side of the airport, had called Tubbo instead. "Hello?" Ranboo spoke softly to his phone, a sense of anxiety starting to seep in.

"Hi!" The boy on the phone was far more energetic, "*Uh... who is this?*"

"Oh-" Ranboo realized that he didn't introduce himself. "You're Toby, right? I'm your host family."

"*Ah, okay hello. Does the host family have a name?*"

"In fact, it does. My name is Ranboo."

"*Ranboo...*" The other echoed, "*Nice name. By the way, you can just call me Tubbo.*"

"Gotcha, Tubbo." Ranboo nodded to himself, "Where are you, by the way?"

“Pole... thirty six. ”

“I think I actually see you- I’m at pole thirty. Give me a quick second.” I pulled out of where I was parking and drove towards the positives, stopping in between pole thirty six and seven. A short brunette stood there with a long rectangular bag strapped to his back and a suitcase with a bag balanced on top. He held a phone to his ear.

“... The white van. I know it’s sus, but...”

“PfT-” Tubbo bursts out laughing on the other side of the line, and Ranboo lowers the window.

“Shut up, man.” Ranboo laughed too, “I know it’s sus as hell.”

“No shit, dude.” Tubbo wheezes.

“Just get your stuff in the trunk.” Ranboo rolled his eyes, getting up from the car and helping the shorter, well, *way* shorter boy get his bags in the car. “What’s this?” Ranboo asked as he helped Tubbo take the rectangular bag off.

“I play the keyboard. Don’t worry about noise- I can connect headphones to it.” Tubbo smiled.

“Oh no worries,” Ranboo tucked it safely in the back of the trunk. “I play bass... without headphones... at sometimes 3am- my parents are sick of it, but they can ignore it now.”

“You play the bass?!” Tubbo gained a slight sparkle in his eyes of awe.

“I... do.” Ranboo was taken aback from Tubbo’s high energy.

“That’s so cool.” Tubbo smiled.

“Thank you.” Ranboo laughed softly. “Okay, let’s get going before motherboo gets worried.”

“Motherboo?” Tubbo asked in a laugh.

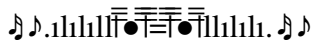
“Mother Ranboo, motherboo.” Ranboo explained simply, before the two headed in the car, tying their seat belts.

“That makes sense.” Tubbo hummed as Ranboo pulled out of the parking spot. The phone that was connected to the car started playing music softly again.

“Oh-” Ranboo paused the playlist quickly.

“Oh!” Tubbo spoke at the same time. “You like early 2000, 2010 music too?” the brunette looked up to the taller, and the other slightly relieved.

Thank god, he listens to this music too. “Yeah,” Ranboo nodded, his eyes on the road. “I do.”



On the other lane of the highway...

“I REMEMBER WHEN WE BROKE UP, THE FIRST TIME” if it wasn’t for the fact that the two were driving, in a car, they would have deafened anyone who was close to them. “SAYING ‘THIS IS IT, I’VE HAD ENOUGH’ ‘CAUSE LIKE, WE HADN’T SEEN EACH OTHER IN A MONTH, WHEN YOU SAID YOU NEEDED SPACE-”

To both Tommy and Purpled's delight, they had similar taste in music as well, and both decided that the 2010s was a time where bops were born. They, fortunately, made it home safely, belting songs from the playlist that the two had both played somewhere along the timeline of their day. Once the two boys exited the car, both of them made their way to the back of the car, where Purpled reached to help Tommy with the first suitcase he saw.

“...” He couldn't lift it. “Is there a person in there?”

Tommy bursted into laughter. “No, it’s just Anastasia.”

“...” Purpled looked at Tommy with a look of disbelief. “That’s a name of a human being, did you put a human in this-”

“No no!” Tommy wheezed, “She’s my drum set!”

“Oh- oh!” Purpled perked up as Tommy helped him carry the suitcase. “You play drums?!”

“Electric.” Tommy informed softly, patting the top of the suitcase. “But yes.”

“I play guitar!” Purpled smiled.

“That’s cool, I can’t get my head around the strings and shit, too hard.” Tommy sighed.

“It is hard at first, but you’ll adjust, and your finger’s flexibility get’s so fucking good, it’s mental.” Purpled laughed softly.

“I’ll stick to drums for now.” Tommy laughed too, but his laugh was miles away from soft. Purpled didn’t mind it, it was nice to actually have someone who wasn’t as quiet as a mouse within his house. His parents were often not with him, which left him to fend for himself. It was nice to have some company.

“Alright then, let’s head inside, we should probably eat something too...” Purpled moved towards the door while Tommy dragged the two suitcases behind him, his bag on his back.

“Sounds good to me.”

“Good.”



Ranboo, to Tubbo's confusion, insisted on carrying the suitcase (with the bag on top) inside the house, but Tubbo snatched the keyboard from Ranboo before he had to carry that too.

"You really don't need to!" Tubbo chased after Ranboo on the driveway. The suitcase alone was too heavy for Tubbo, he had to admit, and carrying the thing off the conveyor belt was a hassle. Tubbo missed it two times before the blond kid from his bus came up to him and helped the boy lift the baggage over the small railing to keep the suitcases from falling out.

"Too bad." Ranboo rolled his eyes, Tubbo did the action back.

"Thank you." Tubbo smiled as they reached inside the house.

"No I'm not done yet," Ranboo eyed inside the house. "There's still the stairs."

"Oh-" Tubbo had to admit, he probably would have asked for help while carrying the thing up the stairs anyways.

"Oh." Ranboo mocked jokingly, taking off his shoes as a woman came out to the front.

"Hello!" She spoke, her voice soft.

"Hi!" Tubbo waved slightly, frozen in place, not sure what to do.

Ranboo made eye contact with her for a moment, before realizing that she probably wanted him to introduce her. "OH- yeah Tubbo, this is my mom, mom, Tubbo, Tubbo, mom."

"It's nice to meet you, Tubbo." She nodded a little.

"Nice to meet you too... ma'am." Tubbo wasn't sure what to say.

"You don't have to call me ma'am-" Ranboo's mother looked to her son for help.

“Just call her Motherboo.”

“Oh, okay!” Tubbo smiled.

“Alright, you two go upstairs and set up or whatever now, I’ll make some dinner.”

“Okay,” Ranboo simply gave a nod, and Tubbo followed the other’s actions, taking off his shoes and following the taller one up the stairs. The house was spacious, warm and bright, a sense of homeyness laced into it. Family pictures hung on the walls of the stairs, along with pictures of still life. Tubbo followed Ranboo into what he assumed would be his room, the taller one placing down the luggage.

“Thanks again.” Tubbo nodded, sliding the keyboard over his head. Ranboo stepped half a step out the door, and Tubbo looked towards him.

“This one’s my room, by the way.” Ranboo pointed to a door parallel to Tubbo’s. “If you need me, I’ll be here.”

“Gotcha.” Tubbo smiled.

“I’ll let you settle in now, see you at dinner.”

“See you.” Tubbo sheepishly waved, sighing when Ranboo retreated to his room, leaving Tubbo to unpack.



School started the next day, and both Tubbo and Tommy were slightly nervous, but reminded themselves that there would be people from their school here too. Comforted by that thought, they took their first steps inside the school. What made it worse was that the only person Tubbo knew around here, Ranboo, wasn’t able to help him, he had volleyball practice. Tommy had Purpled to help him out.

At lunch, that was another story. The lunch room was crowded, to say the least.

Tubbo decided to just turn around and find another place to eat.

Tommy, on the contrary, got roped in by the popular kids. How? No one knows. Ranboo tried to look for Tubbo, but he wasn't anywhere to be found, while Purpled sat in the corner of the lunch room, basically becoming full mama bear and seeing if the others were making Tommy uncomfortable in any way, but decided that they wouldn't really risk the new kid, and went back to playing a game on his phone.

The school day ended in an unexpected way, with the four accidentally gathering at the music room at the same time.

"Ranboo?" Tubbo gasped softly, "You're in this class too?"

The taller boy snapped his head over to face Tubbo. "Yeah! I'm not surprised to see you here, though."

"I sure am." Tubbo laughed softly. "You're a sports person, I didn't exactly think you'd be *that* interested out of bass."

"Bass itself should have been the clue." Ranboo rolled his eyes.

"Uh..." Tubbo tilted his head and pointed to the lower half of his own face. Ranboo paused for a moment.

"Oh! You mean my mask?" Ranboo tilted his head too.

"Yeah! Yeah..." Tubbo laughed awkwardly.

"I wear it most of the times, it's just a sense of comfort, y'know?"

"Oh..." Tubbo nodded.

A similar conversation was carried out on the other side of the room.

“Ah. This makes sense.” Purpled laughed when Tommy entered the room.

“Drums.”

“Guitar.” The two spoke at once before bursting into laughter.

A few minutes later the class started, and everyone settled down.

Let The Road Begin...

Chapter Summary

The four teens finally meet each other formally, due to a project from a very tired and done with music teacher...

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Three months later

Tubbo sat at the library, looking through the books that he could make out the title and summary of. Being dyslexic, he can't read much, but whatever he could, it was appreciated. He had nothing better to do anyways, during lunch, and the ladies there were always nice, and he used the "excuse", even though the two teachers at the front know it's an excuse already, of studying to get into the library everyday. He sees his best friend at this school, Ranboo, every day at music, but that's it. There was a rumor that three of the exchange students rose to be pretty popular. All three of them were in his music class.

One was named Nikita, but she calls herself Niki or Nihachu. She played the guitar, ukulele and did vocals. She apparently formed a band with her, now, girlfriend, Puffy. They call themselves Pink on White, due to the hair colours, and went viral on YouToob a few months ago.

Another was named Tommy, which Tubbo remembered as the kid that sat with another blond kid in music, and only that kid, as well as the kid that helped him carry his luggage off the conveyor belt. He got roped in by the popular kids on the first day, and hasn't escaped, not that he needed to, though.

And the last was George. He got roped into the holys of the school, the Feral Boys. They were a band made up of a group of, well, feral boys. A blond boy with a mask always up, Dream, the lead singer. Karl, a curly haired brunette, much like Tubbo himself, the keyboardist, A really loud boy with a beanie always on, covering most of his hair, Quackity, the bassist. Sapnap, signatred by his white bandana around his head, and the flame symbolled shirt (*he must have hundreds of them*, Tubbo guessed), the drummer, and last, but not least, the one we've been talking about, George, the backing bass.

Okay, yeah, he's not that important, but to get the attention of *The Feral Boys* ?! He's lucky. They have a few million subscribers on YouToob, and that's not even the end of it! They have gigs *all the time*, and they're getting signed soon!

All in all, The Feral Boys are legends. All the girls try to get them, but...

They're all dating each other.

George's dating Dream, and the other three are all in a poly.

Good luck girls.

Where does that leave Tubbo?

Sitting quietly beside his masked best friend, in the middle of the room, because Tommy and Purpled (who has gotten some attention lately for getting attention from the exchange that's friends with the second most popular group in the school) sits on the left side, Pink on White sits on the right, and the Feral boys sits in the back. That leaves the rest of the students, who don't want to interact with any of them (including Tubbo and Ranboo), sitting in the middle.

Ranboo himself was pretty popular, too. He was the ace of the volleyball team, but other than the girls interested in the sports teams, no one really bothered, or gawked at him.

And Purpled just played games all day. On his phone, his laptop, school PC, you name it! He played it. So he wasn't too popular.

Tubbo sighed as he put another book away, dreading music. It was always so uncomfortable for him. Tommy would send glances to the top of the room to see if the Feral Boys were giving anyone any problems, since he was actually really nice, Tubbo found. He always looked out for Purpled, and sometimes Tubbo himself, or even Ranboo, since his level of popularity is just a level or two below Tommy's.

Picking up his stuff, Tubbo snapped out of his thoughts, and waved goodbye to the staff in the library, walking out of the room and towards his next class before Music. That one was boring as always, math, amirite? Tubbo tapped his pen on his notebook slightly as he watched the clock tick by, the noise annoying him slightly.

You wouldn't be annoyed if you were paying attention . He reminded himself before turning back to the board. The class rolled by without much issue, and he moved onto music. Sitting down in his

usual spot, he hoped to see a 6'6 tall masked boy walk through the door. He looked to the board to see, in bold chalk, **NEW ASSIGNMENT TODAY, PREPARE YOURSELF - MR. BLADE** .

“Oh great.” Tubbo muttered.

“What’s great?” Ranboo sat down beside Tubbo, and the brunette jumped. “Sorry Tub- Oh.” the taller expressed after seeing the board.

“Yeah...”

“You’d think it’s a partner project?”

“Hopefully not.” Tubbo sighed as he saw two blonds walk in. Tommy and Purpled, before a group of five, the Feral Boys, walked in. Pink on White following, before the rest of the class. Tubbo was a *bit* early...

“Everyone seated?” The music teacher, Mr. Blade walked in. “I hope so because I ain’t waiting.”

Classic Mr. Blade. The entire class thought in union.

“New project, I’ll explain it quickly so it’ll get through your skulls faster.” his voice monotone as usual, Mr. Blade opened his binder, half falling apart. Rumors about this man were strange, from him being a world class violinist, which made a lot of sense, since this man was deadly good at violin, to him being a god from another universe, due to the fact that, from the year books and grad pictures, he never seems to age. “Group project, I only have so many people in class, so number combos are going to be limited. Anywhere from two to five, alright? Groups of two are going to be *limited* .” He echoed again. “So if you really want to work with just one other person, *get on it* . And for the assignment itself...” Mr. Blade flipped a page. “It’s anything.”

The fuck did he say now?! The entire class thought something along those lines. Even the Feral Boys made a sound of confusion.

“Anything. Music related, of course. Make a history project, a song, an album design, an album *concept* , I don’t care.” Techno closed his binder with a deafening *smack* . “Get to it.”

Niki and Puffy rushed up first, the two guitar and keyboard players immediately choosing to be in a group together, while the Feral Boys walked up leisurely.

Tubbo looked up to Ranboo, and the taller one looked down to the brunette.

Purpled and Tommy also did the same.

The four weren't sure if they wanted to group with another one or two people, or just stay as a pair.

Well, until Mr. Blade's voice rang out.

"Is that it?!" Mr. Blade looked up from his paper, "there's four missing-" He saw the four seated kids. "What are you four waiting for?"

"Uh can me and Tubb-" Ranboo started, but was cut off.

"Sorry you four, the pairs are threes are cut off. It's gotta be four."

"Oh gods." Tubbo muttered.



"So..." Purpled spoke first. "What do we want to do?"

"..." Tubbo paused, before looking the blond in his eyes. "What's that?" He pointed to a bag, not a school bag, but a larger one.

"It's my guitar, it's kinda out of tune right now, since I've been taking a break from it..." he picked the bag up, unzipping the thing. "But I still bring it everywhere in a habit."

"You play guitar?" Ranboo looked up, his speech muffled by the mask. "YOOOOO I play bass!"

"BASS?" Purpled smiled "damn four stringed instruments are cool as fuck man. Ukulele, violin, all that good shit."

"I can't work *six strings* , so you're pretty impressive yourself, Purpled." Ranboo turned to Tommy "do you play?"

"Yeah," Tommy nodded, and Ranboo noticed that he sat in front of a drum. "The drums." He took two drumsticks to his hands and played a quick beat.

"I play the keyboard, by the way." Tubbo moved to sit behind the keyboard as Ranboo walked outside of the soundproof work room that they sat in to his bag, bringing in his bass, and Purpled tuning his guitar while Tubbo turned on and played a few chords on the keyboard.

Ranboo plugged the bass into the speaker, and turned the volume down, the machine buzzing lightly. Tubbo got used to the spaces between each key on the keyboard. Tommy hit the drums a few times to get the spacing right, too.

Purpled finished tuning and strummed a simpler chord progression, trying to get back into it, and warmed up pretty quickly. "Okay..." he muttered, before strumming more aggressively with a more interesting progression. Ranboo taps his feet lightly to the rhythm before adding a few base notes, along with a riff. Tubbo grabbed his phone frantically, before voice recording. Tommy picked up pretty quickly, and does a sick fucking beat. Tubbo places his phone down, playing some chords to match Purpled's. After a few seconds of playing the progression, Tubbo got the hang of the notes, and let his fingers glide on the notes easily.

"... " Tubbo paused, not sure what to do. The riffs, the drums, the chords, everything repeated in an endless cycle, so to add some substance to what they just made, Tubbo took in a deep breath. "Hmm..." he hummed a few notes, before those notes formed a melody, before the melodies made a song.

"..." Tommy found a way to wrap everything up, holding onto the cymbals of the drums. "Did we just make a fucking song?!" He did a wheezy laugh.

"I think so!" Purpled matched the other's energy easily, and the two high fived. Ranboo turned to Tubbo as a sense of accomplishment rose in the shortest's chest.

"That was awesome, Tubs." Ranboo reached out for a high five. "I didn't know you could sing."

"Surprise?" Tubbo chuckled, taking the high five and looking to the two blonde. "So...A song?"

Tommy nodded in formality.

"A song." The blond echoed.

Chapter End Notes

Woo! Well wasn't that eventful?

two notes:

Ao3 Readers: THANK YOU SO MUCH!!! That was like- 500 reads and 100 kudos in three days! For Prime's sake, calm down you guys! I appreciate all the love! Please comment what you want in the future, and also, I will be adding more chapters if needed! 15 is not a definite number...

WATTPAD READERS: I AM SO SORRY MAIN SERIES WILL BE BACK IN AN HOUR AND A HALF I SWEAR (WILL BE BACK ONE 2021-05-29, 3am EST!!!) BUT THANK YOU FOR READING THIS!

I'm Not A Prince

Chapter Summary

The group of four boys takes the melody that they created, and added lyrics.

The song catches the attention of a tired teacher, who informs the (almost) equally tired vice principal.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“*Hmm...*” Tubbo’s pen hovered over a notebook, his voice humming the tune that he hummed a few days ago softly.

“Whatchu doing there?” Ranboo plopped down in the chair in front of Tubbo’s desk, and beside Tubbo’s bed, where he tapped on the page with the pen angrily.

“Lyrics.” Tubbo replied quickly.

“Lyrics?” Ranboo echoed, leaning towards Tubbo, looking over his shoulder. “Huh. I can’t read that.”

“Sorry, my handwriting’s a little...”

“No worries,” Ranboo scanned through the lines. “Cliche love song even though we’re all single?”

“That’s the irony of it.” Tubbo smiled.

“That’s actually genius.” Ranboo smiled back, leaning back into the chair. “I love it.”

“Thanks!”

“We can’t get the ladies because the Feral Boys got them.” Ranboo laughed.

“What’s up with them?” Tubbo looked up to Ranboo, sitting up right. “Like- they’re *so popular* .”

“Millions of subscribers do that to you, Tubbo.”

“I guess so.” Tubbo tapped the pen again, before thinking of a lyric, scribbling it down.

“How’s it going, by the way?” Ranboo pointed to Tubbo’s notebook.

“Hard.” Tubbo sighed. “We’re all single as fuck.”

“I have an idea.” Ranboo reached for the notebook, and Tubbo handed the taller boy the item.

“What if we...” he copied down the lyrics to another paper. “Turned this into a song about... what society paints love as, but in reality, we just don’t got any?”

“Ooo~” Tubbo scooped over closer to the desk. “That seems like a nice idea...”

“Let’s see if the other two like that idea?” Ranboo turned to Tubbo.

“Sure!”



“Uh...” Ranboo laid on the floor now, the clock reading to be 3am. They had left the chorus for later, and now that they came back to it, they didn’t know what to write, nor did the two boys on the phone, nor did Tubbo, who laid on the bed, half asleep by now.

“Uh...” Tubbo echoed, turning to look at the boy on the floor. “*Du du du du du*” he sang the melody. “*Princesses don’t exist in real life, fairy tales are just lies.*” He sang the two lines before the last in the chorus, which was the one they were looking for.

“Repeat the title of the song??? Maybe???” Purpled spoke from the speakers of the phone.

“I’m not a pince” the melody drifted off, and Tubbo turned back to face the ceiling.

“Uh...” Ranboo wrote that down. “Maybe... just go with something like: *Yeah, I’m not. Bum bum*”
Ranboo sang softly, imitating a drum at the end.

“That works.” Tubbo sat up.

“Are we done, then?” Tommy asked.

“Seems so.” Ranboo nodded. “Good night you two.”

“Finally! Good night!” Purpled left the call.

“Well we’re done with that.” Tubbo stretched.

“Yeah.” Ranboo smiled, grabbing the paper, “good night.”

“G’nite.”

I’M NOT A PRINCE

Scrolling through socials, she’s there

Reading through books, she’s there

The girl from fairy tales

Or comic books

The one I needed to save [well, quote unquote]

I'm not a prince

Don't expect too much from me

I can't save her

But she doesn't exist anyways

Princesses don't exist in real life

Fairy tales are just lies

I'm not a prince

Yeah, I'm not

Looking in the hallways

She the girls can defend themselves

We should be the ones to be worried

*'Cause I'm pretty sure **they** could beat us up*

Beating the dragon, saving her from the towers

but she didn't ask to be saved anyways

I'm not a prince

Don't expect too much from me

I can't save her

But she doesn't exist anyways

Princesses don't exist in real life

Fairy tales are just lies

I'm not a prince

Yeah, I'm not

Ranboo put the paper in his binder.

The song wasn't bad.

Honestly, in Ranboo's opinion, it was better than any love song. Screw love songs, they're always so unrealistic, and for what?



“Hey.” The music teacher's voice rung inside the room, and the four boys looked up towards the door from where they sat. “I need an update.”

“... on what?” Tommy asked, tapping the drumsticks onto the drum idly.

“*On what*,” Mr. Blade mocked jokingly, “What do you think? What are you guys doing for the project?”

“We're making a song.” Purpled answered quickly.

“Hm.” The teacher scanned around. “Got anything done with that yet? Three other groups are making songs, you can guess at least two of them.”

“Feral Boys and Pink on White...?” Ranboo guessed.

“You've got it, you four have competition.” Mr. Blade tapped his clipboard with the pen softly, leaning on the door frame. “Do you guys have anything? Backing track, lyrics, melody, anything?”

They all looked to Ranboo, who had the lyrics. “Nah look at Tubbo, he started it, he has the melody, and he's gonna sing.”

They all turned to Tubbo. “W-what?!” He stared daggers at Ranboo's head. “Fine then,” He reached out to Ranboo, who placed the paper in his hand. “Do I sing this?”

“Sure.” The teacher nodded.

Purpled played the first chord as Tubbo put the lyrics in front of him, turning on the keyboard as Ranboo strummed his bass and Tommy drummed the beat. Tubbo sighed before playing the first few chords, delaying singing by a bar.

“Tubbo you’ve got this.” Tommy smiled when the brunette caught his eyes, and he smiled back, taking a deep breath before starting to sing the first line, a bar late. The beats were off during some areas, since they’ve only practiced once or twice, but all in all, it wasn’t as bad as the first time.

The song finished off by a few hits of the drums by Tommy, and they all looked over to the teacher for approval.

Mr. Blade looked up from the clipboard to match the four boy’s eyes. “It’s good. Nice beat, the chord progression is catchy, and the melody is good. Ranboo, can I have a copy of the lyrics?”

“...” He looked to Tubbo, who shrugged. “Sure...?”

“Okay, can I have it then, for the printer?”

“Sure.” The tallest in the room looked to the shortest, who was hesitant to give the other the paper, but gave it up in the end. “Here you go.” Ranboo passed it to the teacher.

“Thanks, you would want the original copy back, right?”

“Right.” Purpled nodded.

“Before I go...” Mr. Blade hovered over the door. “That was... surprisingly good. You four are pretty much level with Puffy and Niki, or the damned Feral Boys.” The teacher could feel a migraine coming just from the thought of their volume. “You have a chance at this.” He passed Tommy, the closest one to him, a piece of paper. Tommy nodded in a quick thank you, before the pink haired man left.

“What is it?” Tubbo, who sat next to the blond, looked over his shoulders.

“... Music contest?!” Tommy scoffed.

“A music contest?!” Ranboo laughed, “Even if we were level with the *Feral Boys* , it’s gonna be a practical popularity contest! We’re gonna embarrass ourselves.”

“No, look here.” Purpled pulled the paper from Tommy. “They’re getting professional judges.”

“Professional.. Judges?” Tubbo echoed, “Then we *might* have a chance! As long as they aren’t rigged.”

“Exactly!” Purpled nodded. “We might have a chance.”

“A *chance* .” Tommy pointed out. “Are we really risking this for a chance? If we lose, and chances are, we will by a fucking landslide, we’re gonna be fucked.”

“I’m already fucked.” Purpled spoke, “I don’t have much to lose.”

“I don’t either.” Tubbo shrugged, “Tommy, honestly, you don’t either, we’re both transfers that are leaving in, what, three months?”

“I guess you’re right.” Tommy sighed.

Three pairs of eyes locked onto Ranboo, who sighed. “Fine. At least I don’t need to sing.”

“OH DON’T REMIND ME!” Tubbo slid down on his chair.

“Pft- bAHAHA-” Tommy did his classic Tommy laugh, and the rest picked up the contagious laughter, Tubbo’s having a soft tone of embarrassment.

Outside of the room, stood their pink haired music teacher, who had secretly eavesdropped on their conversation. His attention was turned to the door of the room when another came in, Mr. Minecraft, the vice principal.

“Afternoon.” The man in green spoke.

“Afternoon.” The other nodded.

“How’s it going with the students? And the scouting for the contest, of course.”

“I think I found someone who might surpass the Feral Boys.” Mr. Blade pushed off the wall, holding the original page of lyrics in his hands, moving towards the printer.

“Oh?” Mr. Minecraft raised a brow. “Surpass them, you say?”

“With the right songs, and the right stage, of course.” The music teacher passed the paper through the printer, making a copy, and turning to the other. “See for yourself when the contest starts.”

“Alright mate...” The blond crossed his arms, suspicious at Mr. Blade’s claim, while the other walked away to pass the original back to the students. “Who knows.”

Chapter End Notes

hELLO MY LITTLE SHITS HOW ARE YOU, because I slept at 4 and woke at 10 and I feel like shit <333

Two chapters in one day, god damn.

Again, two notes:

Ao3 readers: I hope you like this chapter, it kinda just pushes the characters towards the path I want them to be on, and this shit be going faster than I thought- also, the chapter count is, again, subject to change! Two chapters in one day? Yessir.

Wattpad readers: hey... I have a chapter ready for y'all, but... ahahah guess who's gonna stack em up just so I can release a fucking hour long read for all of you- I'm kidding-

maybe-

HOPE YOU ENJOYED!!!

YouToob and Tweeter

Chapter Summary

The song is done, posted- well, not graded, Mr. Blade has to get on that.

When the four boys goes to sign up for the music contest, a little, well not little, a big someone in the industry finds their music.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

"Woo!" Tubbo clapped. "That's the mixing done!"

Ranboo looked up from the floor, where he was leaning against the bed in Tubbo's room. "Done?"

"Pog!" Purpled called from the call.

*"Hand it in before it's **late** ."* Tommy instructed.

"Yeah I'm going as fast as I can!" Tubbo rushed towards the website where they handed in all their work.

"Music sheet, the audio file and the lyrics document." Ranboo reminded.

"Done!" Tubbo clapped.

"WOO WE GETTING THAT 100-"

"SHUT YOUR ASS UP TOM- SORRY MOM!"

Tubbo and Ranboo laughed from their side of the call as Tubbo saved and closed the music program. "Thanks for letting me borrow your mic, Purpled."

"Of course!" Purpled smiled, *"it's not even that good of a mic, it's really only good enough for gaming."*

"It's better than my headphone mic." Tubbo replied, "So it's more than good enough."

"I feel like just... giving this to the teacher feels like we're not letting this song reach it's full potential, like we're letting it down, per say." Ranboo switched the topic, and the call paused for a moment.

"I agree, in a way. Like we put all this effort into it, just to hand it in and forget about it?" Tommy agreed.

"What are you two suggesting, just spit it out." Purpled asked.

"I'm saying that we post it onto YouToob." Ranboo explained, "I mean, it's a suggestion, we don't *have* to do it- heck, we don't have to do *anything* if we don't want to. But, it is kinda sad to just make it, and forget about it."

"That's what I was thinking, too." Tommy spoke firmly, *"As Ranboo said, we don't have to do shit if you guys don't want to."*

Tubbo spun in his chair, unsure about his response. "It'll be public, right?"

"Yeah, but we don't have to show our faces, or anything, even our names. They can all just be hidden, but we can just, well, send the song out there."

"Mhm." Tommy nodded from the video of the call, *"Everything can remain anonymous."*

"I mean, I have no opinion, post it if you want." Purpled sat behind Tommy on his bed.

They all looked at Tubbo. "I mean, you're the one who sang and wrote the melody. It's honestly up to you." Ranboo comforted. "This idea can be scrapped if you don't want it to happen."

Tubbo stopped spinning on his chair and looked Ranboo dead in the eyes.

“Let’s fucking do it.”



Mr. Blade stood in front of the blackboard, looking disappointed. Well, he always looked that way, but today was *extra disappointment*. “The project was due yesterday, and the only people who handed it in were Puffy’s group, Tubbo’s group and Dream’s. So... you get today, that’s it. One more class and this is late.” The teacher scanned the class. “Okay?”

“*Okay-*” The class replied, more than half of them were probably scared for their lives.

The four boys went into the room they usually sat in, started working on their YouToob. Tubbo got overly excited and edited the video last night (which was the audio put on top of a picture of a sunset over the ocean, taken by Ranboo, along with lyrics on the bottom that followed the song.

“We need a name and we need one now.” Tommy looked up from his laptop.

“Bees.” Tubbo replied immediately.

“*Bees?!* ” Ranboo laughed, exhaling sharply. “Uh, the children.”

“No-” Tommy interrupted, “The *big men* .”

“Absolutely not,” Ranboo stopped the blond.

“Uh- the Multiplayers.”

“I feel like that’s taken.”

Calista Won my beloved

Purpled tapped a pen to the paper of the others' ideas that he had been collecting. "Divergent Paths." He spoke, "How 'bout that?"

"..." The other three stopped shouting ideas above each other.

"Oh? What does it mean?" Tubbo asked. "Like it has to be inspired by something?"

"Nah it was just on top of my head-"

"Come on-"

"-I'm kidding! No, because we came from different cliques in the school, right? I was the gamer kid, Tubbo spent all his time in the library, Ranboo's the sports kid, and Tommy was just straight popular. We came from different paths within our setting, and we came together in the end to make this band, and divergent means tending to be different or develop in different directions. So... Divergent Paths."

The three others looked to Purpled in awe, there were a lot of thought put into this.

"Hm?" The blond tilted his head, "Is it bad-"

"-No no!" Tubbo stopped him, "it's great! I'd say it's the one."

"I would too." Ranboo smiled.

"It's pretty good." Tommy admitted, "So it's the one?"

"It's the one!"

“Okay, making the Email, then.” Tommy typed aggressively on the laptop. They soon made the channel as well, using just a full black picture as the profile, and Tubbo got the login, posting the video on the channel with a simple description, written with the help of Ranboo:

Hello! We are Divergent Paths, a four member band. This song's instrumental was written by the Guitarist, Bassist and Drummer, while the lyrics and the melody is written by the Keyboardist/Lead Singer, who also mixed the song

Thank you for listening <3

Simple enough.

“Hey-”

“-AH-”

“...” The teacher that stood in front of the door raised a brow at the four who were way too focused on their devices. “You four okay?”

“Y-yeah!” Ranboo replied quickly.

“Alright then... have you guys decided?”

“On what?” Purpled asked.

“The contest.”

Ah. The contest. The thought was shared across the four.

“No...” Tubbo admitted.

“Well, get on that, sign ups end tomorrow.”

“... tomorrow?” Tommy echoed. “WAIT TOMORROW?!”

“It’s only to decide if you *want to* or not, whatever you want to do on it, whatever song, you guys can decide that later.” Mr. Blade turned away from the door. “Consider it.”

“...” The four boys turned to face each other. “Should we?” Tubbo spoke first.

“We already put this shit on YouToob, I’d say yes.” Tommy rationalized.

“But there’s the Feral Boys and Pink on White.”

“Mr. Blade said we’re on level with them, and the judges are professionals.” Purpled argued.

“No, but the most important thing is that it’s a *live performance* .” Tubbo added. “Live. In front of the whole school. Fighting against the Feral Boys.”

“Yeah, that-” Tommy sighed, “That’s true.”

“So we stop because the Feral Boys? Fucking hell, forget them.” Purpled scoffed, “They do what they want, we do what we want. We have different styled music, and if they whole school is watching, block em out, look at the back wall, look at the judges, close your eyes, look at your instruments. I know if we tried, we can do this. Maybe not win, but *we can do this*. ”

“... Well he makes a good point.” Ranboo crossed his arms, “I’m cool with that.”

“Well I guess he does.” Tubbo smiled. “So we’re gonna do the thing?”

“Yup.” Tommy smiled, “It’s gonna be awesome.”

“Yeah, because *we’re* awesome.” Ranboo smiled too.

“Pft- what kind of logic is that?!” Purpled laughed.

“Let me just ignore them- we’re gonna get fucing nae naed though, no doubt.

“Oh we’re *so* getting nae naed.” Ranboo agreed.

“... nae naed?” Tommy and Purpled echoed, confused.

“Fucked.”

“Screwed.” Ranboo and Tubbo spoke.

“Ah.”

“We’re deffo getting nae naed.”



“Mr. Blade.” The teacher looked up to see three very tall boys and one shorter one standing in front of him, towering over himself due to the fact that he was sitting. “We have made a decision.”

“Alright, Purpled. What’s you guys’ decision.” Techno asked, leaning back in his seat.

“Where can we sign up?”

Mr. Blade smiled. “In front of the office.”

“May we go now?” Tubbo asked.

“Go ahead.”

“GOGOGO-” The four rushed out of the classroom.

“They’ll be fun to watch.” The teacher went back to his work, and a few minutes later, the vice principal came in.

“The four boys you talked about yesterday-”

“-what about them?”

“They made it just in time. A lot of people signed up for the contest this year. They took the last spot.”

“Really?” Mr. Blade laughed. “There’s almost never people signing up.”

“Yeah, it’s crazy this year.” Mr. Minecraft sighed, “But Mrs. Minecraft is excited for people to be into music again, the amount of people signing up in the past was just sad.”

“Isn’t she your wife? Still calling her Ms- well, Mrs. Minecraft seems awkward now.”

“She’s still the principal.”

“True.”

“Anyways, you’re gonna get the list of performances by next week, right?”

“Right.” Mr. Blade sighed, “I’ll need to go up to each one of the kids, ugh...”

“You’ll do fine, Tech.”

“Thanks Phil.”

“I’ll see you later, I need to go and get some work done.” Mr. Minecraft waved.

“See ya.” The music teacher waved too. He wasn’t going to lie, he’s excited to see the three bands have a cliché battle of the bands.

This was going to be fun.



@user1

I found this band! They somehow got on my recommended...
Check em out! They started today and they’re really popping off! Their first video has less than 1k views...

[One attachment]

--- **@user2**

Yo wait they’re actually popping off tho-

Wilbur clicked on the link.

Chapter End Notes

hAH WOO IM POPPING OFF WITH TWO CHAPTERS BACK TO BACK TWO
MONSTERS AND AN ARIZONA GOES BRRRRRRRR

anyways I hope you liked this, Wilbur's in this now :D

Oh, There I go, I'm Panicking

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“You guys are signing up too?” The four boys looked from the paper to their left, where the voices came from. It was Dream. “It’s nice to see some competition... Finally, the last few years have been real dry for competitors.”

“Dream, you're scaring the kids.” Quackity taunted.

“Come on Quackity, they’re not babies...” Sapnap rolled his eyes. “But they are a little deer in the headlight-y.”

“Shit-” Tommy shook his head, “Hi.”

“Sapnap, stop being rude! You too Quackity-” Karl bonked both boys on the head. “I’m sorry about them.”

“No... worries?” Tubbo finished writing the names down, and stood up. “You guys scouting out the competition or something?”

“You could say that.” Dream tilted his head, smiling under his mask. “Just a lot of new people between the transfers and the freshmen.”

“Well your band seems to hold no exception, where’s George?” Purpled asked, a bold question if you’d ask any of the other three, but it wasn’t shocking to come from Purpled.

“He’s just busy with something. Don’t worry.”

“We weren’t worried.” Ranboo mumbled, barely audible through his mask, “just a question to get the conversation going.”

“... I cannot tell whatever the fuck he just said.” Quackity put it bluntly. “Dream, this is how you

sound when you don't speak the fuck up."

"... Shut it Quackity." Dream sighed and looked away.

"Hey, what are you guys doing for the contest? I think there are people planning on doing classical pieces, video game music... there's even a person that's going to lead a pokemon singalong."

"Like..." Tubbo paused, "The theme song?"

"Yup." The four older boys sighed, "He does it every year."

"God damned Charlie Slimesicle." Sapnap grumbled, "He won two years ago. That year was by student vote."

"Unfortunately." Karl added sadly.

"Oh that's amazing. He *won* ?!" Tommy laughed.

"Oh we're not sure what we're doing yet..." Ranboo looked to Tubbo, who shrugged. The other two shrugged too when Ranboo looked to them. "How 'bout you guys?"

"We're a cover band, so probably a cover of a song? Not sure which one though..." Dream pondered for a moment.

"Good luck choosing one."

R i n g

"Oh there it goes, the bell's going off." Ranboo started, "Bye now, good luck." he started to walk away and the other three immediately followed, seeing an out for this conversation.

“I think we scared them.” Karl spoke softly.

“Yeah, we definitely scared them.” Quackity sighed.

“Come on I was trying to be nice- why is everyone in this damn contest that we go up to just scared of us?” Dream turned to his bandmates. “I tried to be nice, right?”

“I think it’s the combined popularity and just- sheer anxiety.” Sapnap sighed. “You also weren’t *that* nice. Intimidating as hell.”

“ *What* -”

“I only speak the truth, Dreamy-poo.”

“You’re literally not allowed to call him that.” A new voice joined the conversation.

“Getting defensive?”

“Quackity give me a kiss-”

“-wAIT NO-”

“-BET-”

“-QUACKITY-”

“-PFT BRUH”

♪ ♪.lllllll●●●●●lllll. ♪ ♪

“Hm? Niki where-” Puffy watched as the pink haired girl skipped away from the route towards the front door and towards the office.

“I’m checking the sign up sheets! I heard from Mr. Blade that they’re full.” She squatted down to the paper.

“They are?” Puffy joined her by the paper. “Hm... aren’t these four in our class?”

“Oh, they are!” Niki smiled, “They’re the freshmen, right?”

“And transfers.”

“Nice.”

“Oh no.”

“Hm?” Niki looked to Puffy.

“Charlie Slimecicle.”

“Oh?”

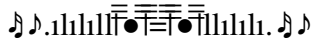
“Fuck.”

“What’s up with him?”

“He does a singalong to the pokemon theme every year. He won two years ago.”

“Uh oh.”

“Uh oh indeed.” Puffy sighed.



“Hey, you two free today?” Ranboo spoke up on the four’s way home. “It’s just that... we need to decide what we’re doing. It’s due by next week, and if you didn’t notice... It’s friday.”

“Oh god.” Tommy wheezed, “We have what, three- no- two days?”

“Yeah...” Ranboo laughed too, “that’s what I’m saying. We have to get a plan soon.”

“Plan: instruments.” Tubbo clapped. “That’s the fucking plan, bitches, bros and non-binary hoes.”

“I-” Tommy laughed, “No shit, Tubbo.”

“You missed a part,” Purpled added. “You have to sing.”

“Shhh, don’t remind me.” Tubbo shushed the boy, looking up.

“So are you guys free today?” Ranboo followed up.

“I mean, we don’t have anything better to do.” Purpled shrugged.

“Yeah.” Tommy nodded.

“Okay, so my house or...”

“Actually, you guys can come to mine, since Tommy’s drums are there, and your’s is on the way to mine. So Tubbo can pick up his keyboard.” Purpled explained.

“Damn gamers and their strats.” Ranboo grumbled.

“It’s not even a stra- *you play volleyball* .”

“... true-” Ranboo laughed, and they continued the walk till they reached Ranboo’s. Tubbo rushed upstairs while Tommy and Purpled sat on the stairs in front of the house, and Ranboo explained to his mom that he was going to Purpled’s for a project. That was *sort of* a lie. Tubbo slid down the stairs (safely) and met the three at the threshold of the house, slipping his shoes back on. The four headed off again towards Purpled’s. The taller blond opened the door to his house, and walked in, Tommy following after him and Tubbo along with Ranboo after him.

“There’s no one home right now, parents usually come home at... no idea.” Purpled dropped the keys into his bag, “Come in,”

They moved through the house to Tommy’s room, since the drum was in there, while Purpled went to get his guitar. Tubbo set the keyboard up and Ranboo plugged his bass in a small speaker. Purpled came back into the room and sat down. With four chairs, four instruments and four people, the room seemed a tad small.

“So...” Ranboo spoke first, “What do we want to do?”

“Wait-” Tubbo looked up from his phone. “So has anyone checked the channel since yesterday?” He laughed nervously.

“No? Why?” Tommy asked.

“It... has 10k views.” Tubbo laughed again, turning his phone to show the three. They leaned in to take a better look.

“WHAT-”

“THAT CAN’T BE REAL.”

“THE FUCK???”

“It’s real alright.” Tubbo turned the phone back to himself. “That’s like- 10k people who have

heard me sing. Oh ho ho this is not good why did they listen to it--

“... you alright Tubs?” Tommy raised a brow as Tubbos shut off the phone.

“Yeah- yeah I’m alright.” Tubbo laughed anxiously, “Just the realization hit me. That’s a *lot* of people.”

“That is a lot of people.” Ranboo agreed.

“I don’t think this counts as viral... right?” Purpled looked towards the three boys.

“I don’t think so...” Tommy shrugged.

“People want it on Spotify.” Tubbo sighed. “Why.”

“Hey, the song’s not bad. That’s why.” Purpled comforted.

"I *hope* it's not bad." Tommy laughed, "It has been listened to 10k times."

“Guys- guys. Let’s worry about that later. Procrastinate on dealing with the sudden view count for a moment.” Ranboo stopped them, “Let’s get to planning.”

DAY ONE, FRIDAY

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA WHY CAN’T I MAKE THIS BLOODING SONG?!” Tubbo tipped over the keyboard in rage, causing Ranboo, who was the closest to him, to jump.

“You alright?” Tommy wheezed.

“No.”

DAY TWO, SATURDAY

“Ah yes riffs.” Ranboo softly spoke and unplugged his bass. “I shall now throw this instrument off the rOOF-”

“RANBOO-”

"OH, THERE I GO, I'M PANICKING."

"ARE YOU OKAY???"

DAY THREE, SUNDAY

“I want to throw my drums out the window right now but that would be a lot of work.” Tommy sighed, hitting his head on the wall.

“Hah mood, but I can throw this guitar out of the house and stomp on it.” Purpled stared intently at the guitar, wanting to just snap it in half. “Why is this time so much harder than the last.”

“Why does this feel like an anime moment where the main character loses their powers and they need to find the spark-” Ranboo did jazz hands “-again.”

“That’s exactly it.” Tubbo spoke softly, not exactly focused on the conversation.

“How’s the lyrics coming along Tubzo?” Tommy asked, “You’re the only one who made a significant dent in the work today.”

“I finished it.” Tubbo sat up from where he was lying uncomfortably on the chair, upside down while his laptop balanced on top of him. “I don’t know if I like it, I made it to a similar theme to the last song.”

“Oh? Pass it,” Ranboo reached out for the laptop and Tubbo gave it to him. Ranboo scanned the lyrics, three expecting pairs of eyes glued to him. After a second, he looked up with a completely blank expression.

“Oh it’s bad I knew it was ba-”

“-It’s good!” Ranboo smiled.

“YOU SCARED ME-”

“LET ME READ-” Tommy snatched the laptop. “Oh! It *is* good!”

“Why did that sound like you ever doubted it?” Ranboo glared.

“I would never doubt the Tubster!” Tommy crossed his arms in defence.

“Lemme see it.” Purpled took the laptop from Tommy. “Yeah it’s good!”

AFTER THE STORY ENDS

Let's get to know each other,

Learn to live a bit better

Maybe Sit by a campfire

And then we can finally be aloof,

In a world where I can find my happily ever after

(spoken)

Do happily ever afters even exist?

What happened after Cinderella married her prince?

(Sung)

Do you think, do you really hope

That they lived on and on in peace

Do you know what happens after the story ends?

Do you know if it's gone bad?

Or are we just supposed to trust in the process?

Are we supposed to just agree

To this life I did not want

Will we ever live happily?

Do you know what happened after the story really ends

Did it really end happily?

Are we just supposed to think, yes,

Trust in the words And live unapologetically.

Are we all supposed to lie to ourselves

Think that we are happy

Is this fairy tail world a fake?

I hope that it is, because nobody ever knows what happens behind the scenes.

Can we escape

Was it fate

Or a world of imagination.

“Like I said it kinda follows the theme of the last song, but I dunno if I like it.” Tubbo sighed heavily.

“I like it.” Purpled shrugged, “I think it’s great.” He turned back to the guitar after passing the laptop back to Tubbo, “I just have to work out this god damned guitar now.”

Tommy put his headphones back on. “And I have to work with this bloody drum.” It was honestly a blessing that Tommy had an electric drum, it made working together so much easier.

“Good luck with pianos and vocals.” Ranboo also put his headphones back on to work on the bass. Tubbo did so too with the keyboard, leaving Purpled with his guitar. He did have an electrical one, but acoustics sounded better with the chords they were working with right now.

By the end of the day, they had a song finished, and they were all tired.

But it was worth it, they had two songs for the contest to choose from.

Chapter End Notes

THANK YOU TO AMMOLITE FOR THE SONG LYRICS!!!

also thank you all for all the support! If there's any plot points that you want me to do (like they get into twitter drama, or like they get into trouble at school for whatever reason), please comment them! I love reading and responding to comments :D

thank you for reading! Have a nice day, don't forget the hydrate :)

Interviews and Stolen Songs

Chapter Summary

Wilbur's a producer, and tweets out the Divergent Path's songs.

Divergent Path gets an interview.

A rumor also starts spreading around...

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

It was a few days after we handed in our options for the contest, and Tubbo mixed and posted After The Story Ends. The two videos now accumulated to over 70k views, and Tommy was overwhelmed to say the very least.

This was the worst thing that could have happened.

“PURPLED!” Tommy practically kicked down the door.

“Yeah?” Purpled was packing his bag. “What- what’s wrong?” He raised a brow at the shorter’s distressed stage.

“We- we went double viral.” Tommy tossed Purpled the phone, panting from running down the hall.

“How do y-” Purpled froze when he saw the number. “Ah yes this is why girls go awooga Purp-”

“People don’t go awooga Purpled.” Tommy snatched his phone back. “ *No one* goes awooga Purpled.”

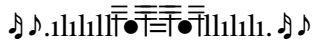
“But after that number?”

“Shut it.” Tommy sighed, sitting on the other’s bed. “How do we tell Tubbo and Ranboo?”

“They might already know.”

“This- I’m so confused.” Tommy sighed.

“Aren’t we all?” Purpled sat next to him.



“Purpled, Tommy!” Tubbo called the two boys over, but they didn’t need to be called over as Tommy bursted into the room and stared dead into the two’s eyes. “Tommy?”

Next thing he knew, a phone was flying towards him. It went slightly off track and Ranboo caught it. “Why’d you throw a phone at TubboooooOHHHHH SHOOT.”

“What?” Tubbo leaned over to take a look.

“WHAT.” Ranboo passed the phone to Tubbo as Purpled arrived beside Tommy, panting. “HOW. 500k- HOW.”

“A-” Purpled gasped for air. “A famous producer sent our- no, shared our song on twitter.”

“HUH.” Tubbo snapped his head up after scanning the numbers. “When did this happen?”

“This morning.”

“We should be thankful that we’re early.” Tommy laughed, “Or else our cover might be blown.”

“So we just got- over what, 400k in one night?!” Tubbo laughed awkwardly before refreshing the page. “And it’s still going up-”

Suddenly the door opened.

It was The Feral Boys. They seemed to be chatting about something exciting. The four froze when they heard two words.

“Divergent Paths are really blowing up after Wilbur tweeted 'em out, huh.” Sapnap was leaning on Quackity, his arms around the shorter boy.

“Yeah, they’re doing really well, 400k views overnight with the help of other producers and the algorithm...” Dream sighed, “That’s impressive.”

“I know right?” Karl agreed, nodding.

“You guys talking about Divergent Paths?” A feminine voice joined in the conversation, Puffy.

“Yeah, they’re pretty cool, huh.” George nodded.

“Their songs are pretty good!” Niki agreed.

“They’re a faceless band though... wonder what would happen if they get an interview.” Quackity hummed.

The four boys did *not* consider that.

“Hah we’re fucked.” Purpled spoke.

“Absolutely and utterly.” Ranboo agreed.

“Are we gonna get one?” Tubbo glanced nervously to the other three.

“Hopefully not?” Tommy laughed nervously, “Oh I did *not* expect this when I suggested the idea.”

“Who did?!” Ranboo sighed.

“Okay you guys, settle.” Mr. Blade came in, and all the students took their seats. His sharp, dull and dark pink eyes swooped over the crowd and landed on the four. “Purpled, Ranboo, Tubbo Tommy.” He spoke, and the four jumped. He had heard the songs before. “I need to confirm your song choices for the contest after... last night. Meet me after class?”

“Gotcha.” Ranboo spoke for the four of them.

“Okay, everyone we’re doing theory today.” Techno turned.

PANIC ROOM :’D

Hah so do we keep the song???

Ranboo got the note from Tubbo, he wrote a note back and handed it to the next, and the next, until Tommy handed it all the way back to Tubbo. The chain continued.

PANIC ROOM :’D

Hah so do we keep the song???? - Tubbo

1, nice name.

2, no idea. - Ranboo

We could? - Purpled

We can if we wanna? - Tommy

Okay... but like- *panic* - Tubbo

Yeah I get you. - Ranboo

Can we change it at this point? - Purpled

Mr. Blade told us to talk to him??? - Tommy

Yeah we can probably change it, but I don't really wanna ;w; - Tubbo

Then don't, ig. We don't have to. - Ranboo

Mhm, we just gotta all agree to not change it. If you're in favor of not changing it, say aye.

Aye - Purpled

Aye - Tommy

Aye - Tubbo

Aye - Ranboo

Okay then, it's decided :) - Purpled

Pog o7 - Tubbo

Pogchamp :D - Tommy

Woo! - Ranboo

They all turned their attention to the board.

♪ ♪.lllllll●●●●●lllll. ♪ ♪

“Techno! My brother.” Wilbur spun in his chair.

“*Hey Wil, what’s up?*” Techno spoke, his voice monotone as always.

“How’s dad?” Wilbur asked, putting the phone on speaker to slide over to his laptop.

“*Did you just call me to ask about Philza.*” Techno seemed irritated. “*I’m literally in class right now, I’m only answering because they’re doing a...*” He scanned the classroom to see four boys passing a note, panicking a little. “*Some of them are doing a worksheet.*”

“No no, just, the music contest that’s coming up, when is that?” Wilbur pulled the laptop closer to himself.

“*I think it’s Sunday.*”

“It’s not during a school day?”

“*No, some kids might be too anxious to function during the day...*” Techno thought back to the four boys in his class, who are already anxious enough of people recognizing them. “*And some of them need the weekend to ground themselves, or panic harder to get the panic out of them. I don’t really know how panic works.*”

“Makes sense.” Wilbur hummed. “Hey, have you heard of Divergent Paths?”

“...”

“Tech?”

Techno sighed heavily. “*We don’t need to mention this right now, that’s what I’m stressed about. I’ll call you back, they’re almost done.*”

“... okay?” Wilbur paused, “Bye.”

“Bye.” Techno hung up quickly.

Wilbur sighed, turning back to his laptop. It felt like Techno was avoiding the topic... for some reason. “Oh they’re trending! Nice.”



“*WE’RE TRENDING-*” Tommy whispered to Purpled, as quiet as he could muster. “*TELL-*”

“Ranboo, we’re trending on twitter.” Purpled was more calm than Tommy, “tell Tubbo.”

“Tubs.” Ranboo whispered. “We’re trending on twitter.”

“What.” Tubbo snapped his head towards Ranboo. “*WHAT.*”

“Shhh!” Ranboo shushed him.

“Y’know the producer that tweeted us out? Turns out he’s a streamer or something and he played our music on stream earlier today!” Tommy informed quietly from the other end of the table, and conveniently, the bell rang.

“Alright everyone, pack up.” Mr. Blade spoke dully from the front, and everyone rushed to pack up, while the four started speaking at more normal volumes due to the chatter. “You four, stay behind.”

“Gotcha!” Tubbo called out before returning to the conversation.

“...” Mr. Blade waited and paused for everyone to leave before walking towards the four. “So?”

Purpled looked to everyone for confirmation before speaking. “We’re keeping our songs.”

The music teacher raised a brow. “And... the band name?”

“We can just pull a Ranboo- or a Dream, and just wear masks and sunglasses.” Tommy explained.
“Then boom, no one will know who we are.”

Mr. Blade laughed softly, “Good luck you four.”

“We might need it.” Ranboo laughed too.

“Okay, you guys can run off to wherever now, I’ll see you guys on Sunday.” The teacher started to walk away.

“It’s Friday?” Tubbo paused. “*‘Cause the contest is on Sunday.*”

“...” Purpled got up quickly, grabbing his bags. “I think we need to practice, and we need to do that *quickly.*”

“Yeah okay-” The other four got up too, “Have a nice day Mr. Blade!” Ranboo waved before the four walked out.

“My place again?” Purpled asked Ranboo as the two in the back were too panicked to say anything as they argued with each other over the randomest stuff.

“Yeah,” He turned around. “Tubbo, Tubster, Bossman.” He snapped his fingers in front of the brunette.

“Yeah?”

“Get your keyboard.”

“Gotcha.” Tubbo nodded.

“And I’ll inform Motherboo.” Ranboo confirmed their plan. “Got it?”

“Got it.”

“Are we *supposed* to be panicking?” Tommy wheezed his classic laugh. “Because there’s three days.”

“I’m panicking nonetheless.” Tubbo spoke softly, “This is terrible.”

“You’re the meme of the dog sitting in a house on fire and going ‘this is fine’ right now.” Tommy commented, earning a laugh from even the people walking in front of them.

Tubbo got his shit and Ranboo informed his mom, and they made their ways back to Purpled’s, where they practiced for a while, well, until the phones in the room all gave a collective buzz due to an email sent to their shared account. They all reached for the devices at the same time.

“HUH.” Tommy shouted first.

“WHY DO ANYONE WANT TO HAVE AN *INTERVIEW* WITH US?” Ranboo snapped his head up from the email. “WHAT.”

“I have *no* idea...” Tubbo laughed nervously. “Do we do it? Like we can probably decline if we want to.”

“Hm...” The four paused.

“I’m fine with doing the interview.” Purpled spoke first.

“I’m fine with it too.” Tubbo shrugged, “Why not?”

“I’m cool with it, but what if they want a- like an in person interview or something?” Ranboo put the ‘what if’s on the table. He had a point.

“It’s not time for *what if* s, I think we just go for it, we’re planning on performing anyways for fuck’s sake.” Tommy shrugged.

“Like we planned to all Ranboo it, aka wear masks-” Purpled started.

“-And sunglasses.” Tubbo added.

“Yeah we’ll be able to stay more anonymous.” Purpled finished.

“That works...” Ranboo nodded.

“So yeah, we’ll be able to keep our faces off the internet!” Tommy clapped. “Win win, we get somehow famous.”

“We should make a twitter account... Just realized.” Tubbo looked up from his phone.

“Yeah...” Purpled agreed.

@DivergentPathsOfficial

Hello! This is the official Divergent Paths twitter <3

--- **@ User1**

WOO DIVERGENT PATHS TWITTER!!!

--- **@WilburSoot**

Twitter.

--- **@DivergentPathsOfficial**

Twitter.

--- **@User2**

>:0 they made a twt

--- @User3

IS THERE GONNA BE A NEW SONG THAT'S GONNA DROP???

--- @TheFeralBoysOfficial

Finally some more bands on this platform :)

--- @DivergentPathsOfficial

:D

They had 1k followers in under thirty minutes. This shit was *crazy*.

If the four were to be honest, they were scared for the interview, but after conversing with the company that they were having the interview with, they found out that they were doing the interview on a zoom meeting.

And they were typing the code to the meet.

“678...” Ranboo read out the code. “Okay, that’s it. Press join at the right time.”

“Gotcha. Get suited up, you have two minutes.” Purpled turned back to the three. Ranboo’s mask was homemade, so he managed to make three more. One Green for Tubbo, a read one for Tommy and a purple one for Purpled. Ranboo wore his black one. They were both half coloured and half white. They also got the most random sunglasses. “Ready?”

“Ready.” Tommy nodded enthusiastically.

TRANSCRIPT OF THE BUZZBEAD INTERVIEW WITH DIVERGENT PATHS

202X-03-24

N = Nathan

K = Kathy

PA = Path A

PB = Path B

PC = Path C

PD = Path D

DP = Divergent Paths

K: Welcome guys to the interview with Divergent Paths, a band that blew up over the last week!

N: They're an anonymous group of teens that are currently based in the USA, that's the only information we have right now, since they want to stay as anonymous as possible. So let's welcome them into the call!

DIVERGENT PATHS JOINS THE CALL

PA: Hello!

N: Hello! That was the one in the green mask, correct? Because it's hard to tell if someone's talking in masks, if I'm gonna be honest.

PA: No worries! And yes, it is.

K: Hello, would you guys like to introduce each of you guys as the different pathys or..?

[call falls quiet for a moment]

PB: Pardon?

K: Oh, have you guys not heard?

N: The fans have nicked you all as Path A through D, A as the lead singer and keyboard, B as the guitar, C as the Bass, and D as the Drums.

DP: OH-

PC: Who was A again-

PA: That should be me, hi I'm the green masked dude in the corner

PB: I think B was guitar? That should be me, Purple over here.

PC: I'm the black and white mask one in the back. They made me stand because I'm tall.

PD: Hi, I'm D, the one in the red mask.

K: Okay now that we have everyone briefed, let's start with the interview. So how's blowing up doing for you guys?

PC: Oh it's definitely surreal, for *sure* .

PA: Yeah, it's weird to know that so many people have heard me sing.

PD: waking up to what, over 100k views was one of the most shocking things that has happened probably all my life.

PB: Yeah I agree, and I was just in the background of the song.

PA: I think I died that day.

PD: Yeah because we had to bust into the classroom to tell A and C about it, and they were deffo *not okay*.

PC: We may or may not have freaked the heck out.

PB: They were not having a good time.

PA: But I think that we're more.. Like we've accepted the truth.

BC: Yeah definitely.

K: By the way, A, well done on the new song, your writing is awesome, by the way.

PA: Thank you! But I really couldn't have done it without these three, I almost threw my keyboard out the fuckin' window.

N: ... wow.

PB: Yeah, we had to stop him, he knocked the thing over, but fortunately, no throwing happened.

BD: We all has at least one moment of wanting to throw out instruments out the window with the last song, but I think it came out alright.

K: I would say that it came out more than alright, definitely a good song.

N: Agreed.

BC: Thank you! We worked a few days on it.

K: When'd you think that the next song would be out? Because the last few were really good!

PC: Gosh, I have no idea! There is a lot on our plates right now, it's gonna be finals season in a month or so, and we have some more music related stuff that isn't the band, right.

PA: Yeah, that... don't remind me, D.

PD: It'll be fine, I swear these two are dramatic as fuck.

PB: At last we hope it'll be fine.

N: We wish you luck on whatever you have to do!

PA: Thank you.

K: Of course, and you guys said that you were high school students, right?

PD: Right.

K: How's balancing the two doing?

DP: It's not doing

PA: Wow jinx. But yeah no, it's not doing.

PD: Eh, my grades were never good anyways.

PC: hah- were any one of our grades good?

PB: Mine definitely wasn't.

N: Well, glad to hear that it's not affecting you too hard.

K: Yeah... well, how about going faceless? Is that a group decision?

PB: I would say so! We were kinda nervous that this would happen... which it did.

N: So you guys are glad you did this?

PA: Definitely.

K: Have you guys ever considered a face reveal?

PC: Uh... never really thought about it, but maybe we will one day.

PD: Yeah maybe.

N: What do you guys have on Wilbur, the guy who brought you to fame?

PA: Never heard of him.

PB: Yeah no

PC: I've only seen him from sending out link around- Feels bad.

PD: Yeah I don't know him either.

N: How 'bout... the Feral Boys?

DP: [incoherent screaming of anguish]

♪ ♪.lllllll●≡≡≡●lllllh. ♪ ♪

I swear I've heard After The Story Ends before! It sounds a lot like the one and only original song that the Feral Boys released???

--- @User2

THAT'S WHAT I'VE BEEN SAYING!!!

--- @User3

I KNOW RIGHT???

Wilbur pursed his lips, he did admit, the two songs sounded similar, but it was definitely different. They had two very different styles to be frank, so it was definitely not a copy.

He wondered what the Paths were going to do about this...

Chapter End Notes

WOO, I DON'T HAVE MUCH TO TELL YOU ALL, SO JUST HAVE A NICE DAY, REMEMBER TO HYDRATE AND EAT!

The Contest. Pt 1

Chapter Summary

The contest is underway, and Divergent Paths hears their top three biggest competitors, Charlie Slimcicle, Pink on White and of course,

The Feral Boys.

“Good morning kids.” Mr. Blade stood on the stage while all the contestants sat in the audience below. He tapped a pen to his clipboard, impatient. “Okay, now that all of your attention is on me, we’re gonna do a mic test so if you can be as quiet as possible.” The teacher went on to test all the mics. The four boys were unfortunate enough to sit right in between Pink on White and the Feral Boys. They told themselves it’s whatever, but it really wasn’t. They had their masks on already, since they were scared that their names were just going to get called randomly.. “Now that we’re done with the mic check...” Mr. Blade looked to the contestants, which, to the boys’ surprise, was open to the entire community. So students and adults alike gathered in the auditorium. “Let’s head backstage, and we’ll also do rehearsals before you guys can go home and get ready for the contest itself, and come back here at 7pm, okay?”

The auditorium rang out in agreement as the teacher started to give a more detailed timeline: there were going to be two rounds, from the first round, they’ll pick out three professionally chosen contestants for the second round. The winner will come out of the three.

The four had no idea if they would get to the second round. Would they like to? Hell yeah, but would they? Probably not.

“Alright, mic checks... Feral Boys.” Mr. Blade spoke, and the five went up quickly, getting their shit set up, and playing the first verse of their song. From that, the paths were sure that they’d be here for a while. The Feral Boys played a cover of We Are Young by Fun. Some other people came on, including that Pokemon kid, Charlie. He wasn’t bad at singing, they were sure, but he definitely wasn’t trying.

Pink on White went on after, and sang a cover of Coffee by Beabadoobee. Niki’s voice was light and beautiful, which made the four path boys more nervous. They tested Niki’s guitar and ukulele and Puffy’s piano before they left the stage and Divergent Paths were called.

They put on their masks a while ago, so they were fine, but both Pink on White and the Feral boys

recognized them, not just the name, *them* . Dream giving them a look when they walked past. It wasn't a bad look, nor a good one. Niki gave a surprised look, while Puffy was confused.

"Okay..." Tubbo sighed heavily as he got up to the mic, and plugged the keyboard into the cord that the staff gave them. "Here we go..."

"You guys ready?" Tommy had brought his electric drums, which he had lovingly named Anastasia. The three nodded, and Tommy hit his drum sticks together, "*ONE TWO THREE FOUR!*"

They played a few chords before Tubbo sang the first verse, they stopped right before the chorus, but a lot of the audience already recognized them.

"Tu-" Mr. Blade glanced at the crowd. "Path A, is the mic too high up?"

Tubbo looked to his music teacher in surprise, for someone so nonchalant, he was pretty caring. "Yeah, a little."

"Okay, tech, make a note to lower it before they come in." The teacher turned, "Okay, you four are good. Next..." The four moved off the stage quickly, packing their instruments backstage. "Actually we're done! Okay you guys..." The path boys came back out just in time to catch the final words of the music teacher. "Go eat a lunch and dinner, come back at 7," He repeated. "And we'll be jumping right into it! There will be no like..." He tapped his fingers on his clipboard, "any like talking from the judges or me, or tech, before the thing, so best of luck! Have a nice day, see you tonight."

Everyone started getting up, and the path boys were going to go too, before they faced the Feral Boys.

"You four were the least expected out of literally anyone in our class to be them." Dream crossed his arms.

"Come on, we didn't even expect them." His boyfriend argued.

"Dream, back off of them, they're new to the scene." Puffy stepped in.

“Oh no, I just want to talk. Peacefully. About the situation on Twitter.”

“Heh?” Tommy spoke first, “What situation?”

“Oh that makes sense..” Niki hummed.

“You haven’t heard?” Karl tilted his head, “you guys have an account and all.”

“We don’t go on it often...” Ranboo admitted.

“They’re accusing you of stealing our song.” Quackity explained.

“They’re *what* .” Tubbo paused, “I- I never tried to-”

“-A, don’t worry,” Sapnap continued to use the stage name due to some lingering people talking to Mr. Blade. “We know you didn’t.”

“You both have to make a public statement, then.” Puffy suggested. “Twitter is *ruthless* .”

“Uh...” Purpled paused, “What do we even say in it?”

“After the contest,” Dream said, “Meet us in the park-”

“-Dream that’s mega sus-”

“-ing lot- Quackity shut it.”

The path boys looked to each other, if they were going to help in any way... they had to take the chance.

“Deal, we’ll see you there.”

“Good, because literally our twitter is dying, it’s blowing up like hell please help-”

“Uh- okay-”

“Okay bye, see you later!”

“Se- see you.” They waved as the Feral Boys walked off, leaving them with Niki and Puffy. “How are you two doing?”

“We’re alright.” Puffy smiled. “You four, good luck.”

“Thanks Puffy.” They smiled before the said girl walked off with her girlfriend.

“Wanna get lunch?” Tommy turned to the other three.

♪ ♪.lllllll●≡≡≡●llllll. ♪ ♪

Imagine the shawarma shop scene from the avengers, but make it a pizza place, and with the four boys. Boom, that’s what they did before heading to Ranboo’s house.

“Oh welcome in boys,” Motherboo stood at the door, and let the four in. “Ranboo, you didn’t say that people were coming over, I would have cleaned up a little.”

“Ms. Boo, the house is perfectly clean as always, don’t worry so much!” Tubbo smiled to comfort the woman, and she smiled back.

“Thank you Tubbo, but I would have made the place a little more tidy.” Motherboo sighed, “Okay come in you two, I’m gonna guess that you two are their... partners for the contest? For the lack of better words.”

“Yeah... actually, mom I need to tell you something...” Ranboo glanced nervously back to Tommy and Purpled.



“Let me confirm,” Motherboo laughed awkwardly, “You guys made a band,” The four nodded, “Which is not a problem, nor is the YouToob thing- but you guys are half way to famous and didn’t tell me?!” She smiled, “Congrats you four! And the fact that you guys are keeping your face off the internet for now is great, I’m so proud.”

“Thank you ma’am.” Purpled smiled, and Tommy nodded in agreement.

Motherboo smiled. “Aw my little boy’s growing up so fast,” She ruffled Ranboo’s hair.

“Mom- Come on...” Ranboo laughed sheepishly, and Tubbo gave a brighter laugh.

“7pm right?” She glanced to the clock, “I’ll make dinner for 6 then,”

“Ms. Boo it’s alr-”

“No Tubbo, shush. I can’t make a congrats cake or something, so a meal is almost mandatory.”

“Ms. Boo it’s really alright-”

“-Purpled, dear, you shush too.”

“You can’t stop my mom. Tommy learned that quickly.”

“Ranboo, I was gonna say after Purpled.”

“As hell you were,” Ranboo rolled his eyes jokingly.

“Ranboo, respectfully, I hate you, slash j.”

“You two cut it off.” Purpled sighed.

“Does this happen often?” Motherboo asked Tubbo.

“Unfortunately.” Tubbo laughed.

Motherboo kept her promise, and they ate their dinner, the four boys thanked her for the meal, and the woman drove them over to the school with her ticket, excited to see the four perform.

“I got it Ran’! Tubbo is A, Purpled is B, you are C, and Tommy’s D. You don’t have to repeat it again!” Motherboo laughed before exiting the car, the four boys’ masks already up. “Good luck paths!” She whispered softly before locking the door of the car and separated from the group. They made their ways backstage, sitting around their instruments, anxious as hell.

Tubbo especially, he took a glance at the judges. And it did *not* look good.

JUDGES!!!

WILBUR SOOT - PRODUCER

THE ERET - PROFESSIONAL SINGER

TECHNOBLADE - MUSIC TEACHER

1. MINECRAFT - VICE PRINCIPAL

MRS. MINECRAFT-SOOT - PRINCIPAL

Speaking of Wilbur and Techno...

“WIL.” Techno grabbed the man’s shoulders.

“Oh hey Tech!” Wilbur turned to face Techno. They were both backstage.

“WILBUR- I FORGOT TO TELL-” Techno took a breath. “I forgot to tell you.”

“Tell me what?” Wilbur tilted his head in confusion.

“Y’know the band you tweeted out yesterday?”

“Mhm?”

“They’re here.”

“Oh shit.”

“Yeah, don’t like- go overboard.”

“When have I ever?” He smirked, Techno just glared. “Okay gotcha.”

“Thank you.” Techno sighed.

“Anyways, how’s it going, adoptive brother~”

“Jesus, it’s going fine, Wil.” Techno sighed, but with a smile. “How ‘bout you?”

“Excited.”

“Half of the people in this room could be anything except excited.” Techno pulled Wilbur out the room. “Let’s go.”



“Hello and welcome to the fifth annual music contest! This year, we have ten groups who signed up, so without further ado, let’s introduce our guests!” The emcee spoke loudly from the stage. “Seated at the judges table is the principal of the school that we’re holding this event in, Mrs. Minecraft-Soot, and the vice principal, Mr. Minecraft.”

The two stood up and waved behind them to the audience, and the audience of somewhere between 1500 to 2000 cheered.

“And we have the producer who has gained success throughout the world, Wilbur Soot!” He followed what the past two did, and sat back down. “Beside him, we have the school’s music teacher, Technoblade.” Techno just turned and gave a small nod to the crowd. “And last but not least, popular pop singer who is signed under Wilbur, The Eret!” The crowd cheered loudly. “With that out of the way... first on the list, Charlie Slimecicle, the winner of the contest two years ago! He will be performing, as many of the people who come here every year know... Let’s hear it for Charlie, who is performing the Pokemon Theme! He made a note for me to encourage everyone to sing along if you would like!” The emcee exited the stage, to be left with an amused Wilbur and two principals, an annoyed Techno and a confused Eret.

Everyone backstage were watching the live that were projected out from the school, since a lot of people wanted to watch this contest due to the addition of Wilbur and Eret along with the Feral Boys and Pink on White.

“What-” Eret whispered softly to Techno, “He can’t be serious, can he?”

“Oh he’s definitely serious, he’s not bad at singing, just... he doesn’t try.” Techno sighed, “I teach him.”

“Ah.” Eret laid his chin in her right hand, their eyes on the stage in anticipation.

A brunette came onto stage, his eyes green behind glasses, and he wore a white sweater that said “So yeah I’m a gamer” and three hearts on top, paired with jeans and red converse.

“Hello, my name is Charlie Slimecicle, and I will be performing the Pokemon theme.” He looked expectantly at the judges.

Wilbur sighed before picking up his mic from the table. “Whenever you’re ready Charlie.”

The backing track started playing as the entire auditorium started buzzing with excitement. “*EVERYONE READY?!*” Charlie screamed above the crowd, “*THREE TWO ONE*”

“*I WANNA BE THE VERY BEST-*” The entire crowd sung, and Charlie on top of them all due to the mic boosting his volume. And Techno was right, he wasn’t off tune or anything, but he didn’t exactly want to win, nor tried to win. “*-LIKE NO ONE EVER WAS*” on the other side of the stage, some (well most) gave a long sigh, while new people were confused.

Not after long, someone started to sing along, and that triggered a chain reaction to everyone singing along.

“Pokémon! Gotta catch 'em all

It's you and me

I know it's my destiny

Pokémon! Oh, you're my best friend

In a world we must defend Pokémon! Gotta catch 'em all

A heart so true

Our courage will pull us through

You teach me, and I'll teach you

Pokémon

Gotta catch 'em all, gotta catch 'em all

Pokémon!” Well to be fair, it was a catchy song.

After Charlie finished his performance, the judges were to grade him. Eret went first. “Charlie- I don’t know what to say.” She laughed, “You have amazing stage presence, just you didn’t try to win or anything, and I respect that! Your performance was great, you got the whole crowd moving and hyped from your past years of experience on this contest. I have nothing but respect for you.” They nodded before putting down the mic.

“Okay guess I’m next.” Techno sighed. “Charlie, you’re one of the better students in my classes,

and I'm not going to take that as a bias because this is just... you didn't *try*, at all. And like Eret said, I have a certain amount of respect for that, but... I would have liked if you tried harder, y'know." He also put down the mic, and Wilbur picked his back up.

"Charlie, Charlie, Charlie." He laughed, "Like every year, I need to say that your stage presence is amazing as *always*. You get the crowd moving and they remember you, y'know? And they look forward to you each and every year, but like they said, you're really just not trying. But respect to you for that. You won one year without trying, and that's just, a wonder." Wilbur smiled and placed down his mic.

Phil picked it up next. "Charlie I love your energy, but I swear, every time I see you, it's just *pokemon theme*. Which isn't bad at all, your singing is honestly amazing and with the right song, you'll make it to the next round easily, and maybe even with this song you can make it to the second round. That's all I have to say."

Kristen picked up the mic. "Phenomenal job as always, your energy level is basically unmatched. And your ability to get the entire crowd to belt the song with you is always stunning. But as the others say, you can definitely try *harder*, if you know what I mean, choosing the right song is always important, and though I think that you've rightfully claimed this song within the school and community, it would be nice to see your branch out. Still, you're amazing as always."

"Thank you judges." Charlie nodded in a small bow.

"So judges, time to vote! From one to ten, everyone give a vote!"

Eret gave an 8, Techno a 6, Wilbur a 7, Phil an 8 and Kristen a 7.

"Thank you, that goes up to a 36, which times two is 72! Congrats on 72 points, you can return backstage."

"Thank you!" He bowed again.

"Why does the judging make me even more nervous?" Ranboo laughed in the way of "haha I'm in danger."

"I feel like we're about to get crushed by everyone here." Purpled agreed, looing around to catch

the eyes of the Feral Boys, Karl smiled, he smiled back before Karl turned to one of his boyfriends.
“Oh gods.”

“What if I fall-” Tubbo worried, while Tommy tried to calm him down.

“You laugh it off, come on, Charlie got a 72, we can beat him even if you fall.” Tommy laughed softly.

“You’re the only one incapable of falling.” Tubbo glared, “You sit while playing the drums, and I have my music on loop for the keyboard.”

“Alright alright you’ll be fine.” Tommy riffled the brunette’s hair. “They won last year, and who knows how many times Dream fell.” he looked to the Feral Boys before looking to Tubbo.

“True, if any of us fall, just continue.”

Tommy laughed, “Promise?”

“Yeah.” Tubbo laughed, before Tommy told the other two to just keep going if anyone falls. They laughed at the probability of that happening.

Not after long, it was Niki and Puffy’s time to go. Niki grabbed her ukulele and Puffy her keyboard.

They went on stage and introduced themselves.

“Hi! We’re Pink on White!” They spoke brightly.

“I’m Niki,”

“And I’m Puffy.”

“We’ll be performing Coffee by Beabadoobee!” Niki announced and put the strap of the ukulele over her head, taking in a breath before mesmerizing the entire auditorium with her light and bright voice.

“Don't stay awake for too long

Don't go to bed

I'll make a cup of coffee for your head

I'll get you up and going out of bed

And I promise that one day I'll feel fine

And I promise that one day I'll feel alright” She strummed lightly before Puffy added her keyboard. The entire performance was light and had a comforting touch to it, like someone making you soup while you’re sick, or your partner singing a song to you under the moonlight.

“And I'll make a cup of coffee with the right amount of sugar

How you like it

And I'll make a cup of coffee with the right amount of sugar

How you like it

How you like it

Don't know how long I'll stay for

It's okay, I'll knock on your door

Won't you come down and get me?

I like it when you hold me tight

You make me feel nice

The green in your eyes

Makes me feel warm inside” The cover did sound like a hot cup of coffee on a rainy day.

“And I'll make a cup of coffee with the right amount of sugar

How you like it

And I'll make a cup of coffee with the right amount of sugar

How you like it

How you like it

Yeah” Niki’s voice is amazing as always, and the keyboard just added so much more to it.

The judges moved quickly to rate the performance. Eret went first as always. “Niki’s the one who sang right? Okay, your singing is amazing, you two make an amazing combo. Your singing style is very light and soft, if I had to describe it, it would be like... stepping into snow for the first time where there aren’t any imprints in it yet. Does that make sense?” He laughed, “And Puffy, your piano playing is soft enough to allow Niki’s voice to really shine through. You two make an incredible pairing.” Eret put down her mic.

Techno picked up his mic. “I think Eret’s description of your voice is spot on, and your song choice and voices, everything is very diverse against the people who have went thus far. The other songs are more energetic, but this song definitely reminds me of the more simple things in life. Like as Eret said, the fresh snow or like you sang, a cup of coffee. Really well done you two.”

Wilbur went next. “As a producer, I do think that you two are absolutely amazing, and there will be chances for you guys in the future, but your voice is so soft and your sound is... I’m not going to say weak, but I do have to say that... not everyone likes your sound, it’s going to be a very specific crowd, but if you find that crowd, everything will be smooth sailing.” Wilbur smiled, “But absolutely well done, I remember seeing you guys on YouToob a few weeks ago and I gotta say, I’m hooked onto your content. Keep going, you two.”

Phil was next, and he honestly was the one to give all complements. “I honestly have no words, you two are practically a perfect match, your energy for your songs are perfect, and it’s just... it’s great, keep going. That is all.”

Kristen went next, “Your voice is a voice of an angel, Niki. And your skills with the piano and your collaboration skills is unreal, Puff. I feel like this cover would be a comfort for anyone who heard it, and like Techno said, absolutely it sounds like a cup of hot coffee on a cold and rainy day. You guys are amazing.”

“It’s time to vote!” the emcee spoke, “One to ten, judges!”

Eret gave a 9, Techno an 8, Wilbur an 8, Phil a 9, Kristen a 9.

“It’s an 86! The highest on the leaderboards by far!” The emcee announces, and a gasp washed

over the crowd. “Well done, Pink on White!”

“Thank you.” Niki and Puffy bowed before quickly moving off the stage.

Surprisingly, the Feral Boys were right after. Dream walked up confidently, as expected, his bandmates also confidently behind him. This band was bass heavy with two basses, a keyboard, a singer and a drummer. The bass players were also backup singers. This was a powerful group.

Sapnap, even without a mic, boomed over the auditorium. This was the start of the high energy performance. **“ONE TWO THREE FOUR!”** he drummed a beat, and after a few beats, Dream started to sing along with the piano.

“Give me a second I

I need to get my story straight

My friends are in the bathroom getting higher than the Empire State

My lover she's waiting for me just across the bar

My seat's been taken by some sunglasses asking 'bout a scar, and

I know I gave it to you months ago

I know you're trying to forget

But between the drinks and subtle things

The holes in my apologies, you know

I'm trying hard to take it back”

Everything stops except for Dream’s singing.

“So if by the time the bar closes

And you feel like falling down

I'll carry you home” All the instruments came back up along with the backup singing from Quackity and George.

“Tonight

We are young

So let's set the world on fire

We can burn brighter than the sun

Tonight

We are young

So let's set the world on fire

We can burn brighter than the sun” Everything goes back to normal for the second verse, and the pattern repeats.

“Now I know that I'm not

All that you got

I guess that I, I just thought

Maybe we could find new ways to fall apart

But our friends are back

So let's raise a cup

'Cause I found someone to carry me home

Tonight

We are young

So let's set the world on fire

We can burn brighter than the sun

Tonight

We are young

So let's set the world on fire

We can burn brighter than the sun” They paused, and Sapnap did a quick drumroll before everything stood quiet.

“Carry me home tonight (na na na na na na)

Just carry me home tonight (na na na na na na)

Carry me home tonight (na na na na na na)

Just carry me home tonight (na na na na na na)

SING ALONG EVERYONE!” He spoke as if no one already was.

“*The moon is on my side (na na na na na na)*” Everyone continued to sing the na na nas as Dream sang the main bit.

“I have no reason to run (na na na na na na)”

So will someone come and carry me home tonight (na na na na na na)

The angels never arrived (na na na na na na)

But I can hear the choir (na na na na na na)

So will someone come and carry me home (na na na na na na)”

The instruments and the crowd stopped, and it was just Dream singing the next bit, with the beat claps of everyone.

“ Tonight

We are young

So let's set the world on fire

We can burn brighter than the sun” Sappnap started the drums at a quick beat again, and Dream fell, intentionally or not, and continued singing.

While backstage was just scared if Dream hurt himself.

“Tonight

We are young

So let's set the world on fire

We can burn brighter than the sun” Everything stopped again, including the claps.

“So if by the time the bar closes

And you feel like falling down

I'll carry you home tonight” Dream’s voice was soft towards the end, and a loud round of applause came from the crowd, some of the judges and backstage.

“WOO FERAL BOYS!”

“LETS GO FERALS!”

“DREAM!!!”

“QUACKITY LET’S GO”

“THEY’RE POPPING OFF!”

They smiled. “Thank you guys!” They waved and bowed.

“Judges, let’s hear it!” The emcee turned to the judges.

Eret picked up her mic with a light chuckle. “God where to begin... you guys- amazing energy, great singing, great composing on the instrumental part. You got the whole crowd moving and last time that happened was-” Eret paused to give a wheeze, “Was the pokemon theme. Now both performances were great, but-” She silently laughed, “-sorry but one was comedic and this was more powerful, y’know what I mean? I’m so sorry I’m making no sense take it away Techno.”

Techno moved swiftly onwards, “Okay, like Eret said, there are shadows of Charlie Slimecicle in your performance, and I know you guys are good friends so that makes a lot of sense. And getting the crowd moving isn’t hard but it’s not easy either, really good job with composition, the balance to vocals to instrumental is good, and I have to point out Karl’s amazing job with they keyboard, a big change in terms of style between you and the last band. It was a big shock. Good job as always, Ferals.”

They moved onto Wilbur. “I agree with Techno, Charlie was like a foil to you guys, it makes more sense now that you guys were friends with him. I have to also complement Sappap’s drum work, it tied the entire thing together, very *very* well done. Composition was great, the edits to the instrumental was better than I thought you guys were to achieve. Good job.” He nodded and Philza went next.

“I honestly have no words, just know that you were amazing, and Dream, whether you fell intentionally or not, you got back up quickly on your feet and worked well to surprises. And I have to agree with the others, the backing was well edited, phenomenal job all of you.”

“I have to agree with Phil, you guys were amazing, I have practically no words. You guys adapted well to the situation, moved a crowd of about a thousand or two, and everything about your performance is just amazing. It’s great. Thank you.”

“Judges, time to rate the performance!”

Eret gave a 9, Techno a 9, Wilbur a 10, Philza a 10 and Kristen a 9.

“That is currently the highest ranking performance at 94!!!” The emcee announced, and the crowd went apeshit. “Congrats Ferals!”

“Thank you guys!” They bowed and left the stage.

“Next we have...” The emcee paused. “Divergent Paths!”

“HUh.” Tommy sat up. “Wait what?!”

“We’re right after-”

“GUYS WE HAVE TO GO-”

“We’re after *them*?!”

“Yes! Let’s go now-”

They practically rushed onto stage, a few tech members helping with the keyboard stand and the drum. The Feral Boys came offstage as they went up, and they wished the paths good luck. They made their way up and they set up. Tubbo received the mic, and he turned it off a moment to boom over the crowd so he wouldn’t be louder than his group members. “HELLO!” Tubbo screamed as loud as he could. “WE ARE-”

“-DIVERGENT PATHS!” They all spoke at once.

“I’M PATH A!”

“PATH B!”

“PATH C!”

“PATH D!” They introduced themselves.

“ONE TWO THREE AND FOUR!” Tommy started with the drumbeat as Tubbo felt a soft anxiety bubble in his chest before he took a breath to sing. He was sure that he would be fine.

He had to be.

The Contest. Pt 2

Chapter Summary

The contest continues...

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“ Scrolling through socials, she’s there

Reading through books, she’s there

The girl from fairy tales

Or comic books

The one I needed to save” The mask didn’t do much to muffle Tubbo’s voice, so it was still clear enough for people to make out the lyrics.

The backing track stopped to let Tubbo say his spoken part. “Well, quote unquote.”

“ I’m not a prince

Don’t expect too much from me

I can’t save her

But she doesn’t exist anyways

Princesses don’t exist in real life

Fairy tales are just lies

I’m not a prince

Yeah, I’m not” There was an instrumental break and since Tubbo had his keyboard part pre-recorded since he wasn’t *too* good at singing and playing at the same time, he wasn’t sure what exactly to do, except wait it out.

“ Looking in the hallways

She the girls can defend themselves

We should be the ones to be worried

*‘Cause I’m pretty sure **they** could beat us up*

Beating the dragon, saving her from the towers

but she didn't ask to be saved anyways” Tubbo smiled, in all honesty this wasn't that bad, performing live wasn't as bad as he thought.

There was a sudden beat drop to the semi calm song that they made, and that caught the judges attention, since up to this point, the song had been pretty mild.

“I'm not a prince

Don't expect too much from me

I can't save her

But she doesn't exist anyways

Princesses don't exist in real life

Fairy tales are just lies

I'm not a prince

Yeah, I'm not.” Tubbo finished with the chorus, and the crowd clapped, as always, but it felt more surreal now that they four were on stage.

As always, Eret spoke first. “You guys are significantly new to the scene, right?”

Tubbo was slightly out of breath, but answered anyways, “Yes.”

“I have to say, you guys are a talented bunch for you, I'm gonna say it's your first live performance since the producer here has only talked about you guys for what, a week? And I gotta say, for four people in masks and mostly anonymous, you guys are doing great. Stage presence is there, the song is great, and I think this was the one you wrote first, for your first song, it's phenomenal. Path A, you were a little out of breath but that adds to it in a way, so yeah. That's all I have to say! Amazing job you four.”

Techno was next. “You guys have improved since your recording.” He simply spoke, earning a small, out of sight smile from all four boys. “You guys are doing good for a first live performance, and the song is great, you guys have a great instrumental and A you *were* out of breath for half the song but I think it adds to the song. Path D, drums were great, C you did some great riffs and B your guitar skills are probably going to beat Wilbur one day-”

“-Techno-”

“-Wil shush, I speak nothing but the truth.” Techno smirked. “But yeah, you guys, in general, great job.”

The four beamed.

“Okay, I would like to say that your music is great, I’m a huge fan, still waiting for you guys to drop the next song.” That earned a few laughs for everyone, “And for you guys to put your music on spotify.”

“Fan behaviour, honestly.” Techno rolled his eyes and the audience laughed some more.

“And yes I agree with these two, you guys are doing great for your first performance, just gotta say, the background is kind of overpowering A’s voice, so you three can either chill a little or turn down the speakers on that one.” Wilbur commented, “Other than that, everything you guys did, including the awkward standing during the instrumental demonstrated by A, and the absolute rocking out D is doing it all adds to the stage presence and the feeling of the song. Good job guys.”

“I would like to say that that was awesome,” Phil continued after his sons, “For your first performance, it was great, your stage was hype as hell, don’t know if you noticed, but you got the whole audience clapping and again, matching the energy of Charlie and the Feral Boys is hard but somehow you did that, and the beat drop was unexpected but really welcomed, good job guys.”

“I would basically repeat what Phil said, but that’s kinda boring so I’ll just say that this was very well balanced and yeah, for your first performance, very well done you four.”

“Thank you.” Tubbo nodded to the five judges.

“Okay judges, time to rate their performance!”

Eret gave a 10, Techno a 9, Wilbur a 10, Philza a 9 and Kristen a 9.

They were tied with the fucking Feral Boys.

“And that leaves them tied with the Feral boys, at a 94!” The emcee announced, and the paths found themselves confused.

“Wait *excuse me?!* ” Tubbo snapped out of the confused haze first. “We’re tied with them right now?!”

“Yup, good luck in the finals!” The emcee smiled, “which will be starting in 10 minutes! In the finals will be Divergent Paths, the Feral Boys and Pink on White!”

“Oh the panic is coming up.” Tubbo sighed as they headed off stage and was met with the Feral Boy.

“Oh fuck.” Purpled muttered.

“Congrats you four!” Karl congratulated sincerely.

“... what?” Tommy raised a brow.

“What do you mean, *what* ?” Quackity laughed, “You four alright? When they told you that you made it to the finals, you guys looked like you were a deer in headlights.”

“Come on, don’t bully them!” Karl smacked his boyfriend on the arm.

“I look forward to singing against you, A.” Dream smiled behind his mask.

Tubbo smiled as well, “You too.”

“Hey!” Niki walked towards them, “I’ll be there too.”

“Yes Niki, hopefully you won’t get beat to a pulp.”

“Don’t say that to Niki, Dream!” Tubbo laughed softly.

“More like the other way around,” She smirked, “We’ll see you in 10!” She pulled herself and Puffy away.

“I’ll see you two in 10 too.” Dream walked away with his boys.

“You guys too...” Tommy muttered as they walked away.

“This is going to be great.” Ranboo sighed sarcastically.

“Guys stop being so pessimistic.” Purpled smiled.

“We’ll do fine, all four of us! The worst case and most probable scenario right now is that we take third place. We’ve already made it this far with all of you guys’ talents- *and mine*- so yeah, we can do this.” Tommy went over each person, “Tubbo your singing’s amazing, stop worrying, Ranboo you won’t fucking break a hand over the riffs, and Purpled you have the strumming pattern by heart, and I’m just awesome and a big man so I will be fine.”

They smiled. “Aw Tommy,” Ranboo tried to keep in a laugh, “going all soft now, are we?”

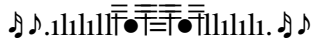
“Ranboo I will punt you into the sun.” Tommy glared, but it was playful and nice instead of actually wanting to murder the taller man.

“Come on you two, let’s go get some water before we have to get back out there.” Purpled broke up the fight.

“Actual children.” Tubbo rolled his eyes jokingly.

“Says the shortest.” Tommy laughed softly.

“Fuck off, mate.” Tubbo laughed in response.



"..." She paused. "Early 2010s."

"Early 2010s!" The emcee turned back to the contestants. Who's starting?" The three groups stood in silence before Tubbo sighed.

"Well, I guess we can." He laughed softly.

"Okay, go when you want to."

Tubbo looked back at them, and the others shrugged. "Rolling in the deep?" They all nodded.

Tommy started them off by beating his two drumsticks together. "ONE TWO THREE AND FOUR!"

"There's a fire starting in my heart

Reaching a fever pitch and it's bringing me out the dark

Finally, I can see you crystal clear

Go ahead and sell me out and I'll lay your ship bare

See how I'll leave with every piece of you

Don't underestimate the things that I will do

There's a fire starting in my heart

Reaching a fever pitch and it's bring me out the dark

The scars of your love remind me of us

They keep me thinking that we almost had it all

The scars of your love, they leave me breathless

I can't help feeling

We could have had it all

(You're gonna wish you never had met me)

Rolling in the de-" Tubbo sang the main bit, and Purpled acted as backup.

Dream took over, "-eep is your love?

Is it like the ocean?

What devotion are you?

How deep is your love?

Is it like Nirvana?

Hit me harder again

How deep is your love?

How deep is your love?

How deep is your lo-"

They were cut off my Niki. "love you"

Ooh, ooh, ooh

We called it off again last night

But ooh, ooh, ooh

This time, I'm telling you, I'm telling you

We are never ever, ever getting back together

We are never ever, ever getting back together

You go talk to your friends, talk to my friends, talk to me

But we are never ever, ever, ever getting back together

Like, ever

I'm really gonna miss you picking fights

And me falling for it, screaming that I'm right

And you would hide away and find your peace of mind

With some indie record that's much cooler than mine

Ooh, ooh, ooh

You called me up again tonight

But ooh, ooh, ooh

This time, I'm telling you, I'm telling you

W-"

Tubbo turned back to his group for a moment before singing. *"-we could be*

But baby, I've been, I've been praying hard

Said no more counting dollars

We'll be counting stars

Yeah, we'll be counting stars

I see this life, like a swinging vine

Swing my heart across the line

And in my face is flashing signs

Seek it out and ye shall find

Old, but I'm not that ol-"

Dream started again with his band, *"old fashioned man*

Yeah (yeah)

Can I have your daughter for the rest of my life?

Say yes, say yes, 'cause I need to know

You say I'll never get your blessin' 'til the day I die

"Tough luck, my friend, but the answer is no"

Why you gotta be so rude?

Don't you know I'm human too?

Why you gotta be so rude?

I'm gonna marry her anyway

(Marry that girl) marry he-"

Niki stole stopped them, *"-her when you close your eyes*

Maybe one day, you'll understand why

Everything you touch surely dies

But you only need the light when it's burning low

Only miss the sun when it starts to snow

Only know you love her when you let her go

Only know you've been high when you're feeling low

Only hate the road when you're missing home

Only know you love her when you let her go

Staring at the ceiling in the dark-"

Tubbo spoke to his team briefly before starting to sing, *"-dark horse*

Are you ready for, ready for

A perfect storm, a perfect storm

'Cause once you're mine, once you're mi-"

Dream gave Tubbo no chance to finish, *"-mine, mine*

Baby, baby, baby oh

Like baby, baby, baby-" That caused a laugh from the crowd.

Niki decided on a harsher song, surprising everyone. *"-baby, here I come*

Straight to number one

Oh, dear diary, I met a boy

He made my doll heart light up with joy

Oh, dear diary, we fell apart

Welcome to the life of Electra Heart

I'm Miss Sugar Pink, liquor, liquor lips

Hit me with your sweet love, steal me with a kiss

I'm Miss Sugar Pink, liquor, liquor lips

I'm gonna be your bubblegum bitch

I'm gonna be your bubblegum bitch-"

This one was a hard one, but Tubbo pushed through. *"-Bitch, say my name, you know who I am*

I'm too hot (hot damn)

Am I bad 'bout that money?

Break it down

Girls hit your hallelujah (wooh)

Girls hit your hallelujah (wooh)

Girls hit your hallelujah (wooh)

'Cause Uptown Funk gon' give it to you-"

Dream also responded with a Marina song. "You can count on me to misbehave

Primadonna girl

Fill the void up with celluloid

Take a picture, I'm with the boys

Get what I want 'cause I ask for it

Not because I'm really that deserving of it

Living life like I'm in a play

In the limelight, I want to stay

I know I've got a big ego

I really don't know why it's such a big deal, though

Going up, going down, down, down

(Yeah) Anything for the crown, crown, crown

(Wow) When the lights dimming down, down, down

I spin around

'Cause I'm a Primadonna girl, yeah

All I ever wanted was the world

I can't help that I need it all-”

Niki and Puffy panicked slightly at a song to sing, but before they could think of one, they were cut off. “Sorry Pink on White! But the two winners that is moving onto the end is Divergent Paths and the Feral Boys!”

“Aw damn it, we tried tho.” Niki comforted.

“Would you guys like the shout out a social media or anything?”

“Please visit us at [YouToob.com/c/pinkonwhite](https://www.youtube.com/c/pinkonwhite)! Thank you guys for having us!” The two bowed and everyone clapped.

“Thank you for the opportunity, and best of luck to you guys!” Niki added, waving to the crowd before the others. They left the stage, leaving the two groups.

To be fair, the paths were terrified, and fairly so.

There was one song left, and that’s the end of that.

It's 4:47am please help im hungry as fuck.

The Contest. Pt 3

Chapter Summary

The contest finishes :)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Last thing we’re doing today is just a normal standoff, one song from the Ferals, one from the Paths. Are you guys ready?” The emcee’s voice boomed across the auditorium as Niki and Puffy made their way to the audience. They were more than content with 3rd place.

Tommy laughed nervously from the back, speaking to answer the emcee’s question. “*NO.*”

“Well...” The emcee laughed too, “Good luck ‘cause you guys are going first.”

“*FU-*”

“*DON’T PANIC-*”

“*-I’M NOT PANICKING, C.*”

“*Well I am.*” Purpled admitted.

Tubbo just stood there and nodded. “Yeah no I have to deal with this every day.”

“Tough life.”

“It’s alright.”

“Oh you don’t want to be in a band with these guys.” Dream pointed towards the instrumental part

of the band.

“*HEY.*” That came from Sapnap.

“Except for Karl and George, they’re milder.”

“I can see that.” Tubbo nodded.

“So are you guys ready?”

“No, but let’s just do this, get this over with. **YOU THREE SHUT YOUR-**”

“**-OKAY *TUBBO***” Tommy rolled his eyes jokingly, “*ONE TWO THREE AND FOUR!*”

“*Let's get to know each other,*

Learn to live a bit better

Maybe Sit by a campfire

And then we can finally be aloof,

In a world where I can find my happily ever after” It was going well so far, and though a few wrong notes could have been played, it sort of added to the effects of the song being about the twisted reality of a fairy tale.

“Do happily ever afters even exist?

What happened after Cinderella married her prince?

Do you think, do you really hope

That they lived on and on in peace

Do you know what happens after the story ends?

Do you know if it's gone bad?

Or are we just supposed to trust in the process?

Are we supposed to just agree

To this life I did not want

Will we ever live happily?" The instrumental part of the band took the judges advice, and went a tad softer to match Tubbo's volume, and they were fucking popping off and vibing.

"Do you know what happened after the story really ends

Did it really end happily?

Are we just supposed to think, yes,

Trust in the words And live unapologetically.

Are we all supposed to lie to ourselves

Think that we are happy

Is this fairy tail world a fake?

I hope that it is, because nobody ever knows what happens behind the scenes.

Can we escape

Was it fate

Or a world of imagination." The song was pretty bass heavy, and the after shock of the heavy strums left a slight buzz in the speakers.

"Thank you Divergent Paths!" The emcee commented as the claps started to soften. "Now, Ferals, what do you guys think?"

Dream paused to communicate with his bandmates before smirking, "that was better than we expected, but I bet we'll still be able to beat you guys."

"Oh shove off Dream." Tubbo raised a brow in challenge, but secretly regretted everything in life.

"Ah, A. I never thought of you as a feisty one, with your height and your voice."

“Well, never thought that you wouldn’t be totally a stereotypical high school popular bully, you’re not that mean at all.”

That sent the auditorium into hysterics, “Come on! I just don’t talk to people outside of the band much, A you really gotta roast me like that?!”

“Oh you called me short, that is the *highest offence*. ” Tubbo did the Karen hand to the chest in offence thing.

“Right. Sap?”

“Ready when you are!”

“Well, I am literally, what, ten inches taller than you?”

“Shut it,” Tubbor Rolled his eyes jokingly.

“Well, let’s see what this height, aka power advantage can do.”

Tubbo crossed his arms, “Alright *Dream* .” He nodded, “Go ahead.”

“Sap, hit it!”

“ONE TWO THREE FOUR!”

The instrumental started first, and most of the audience recognized it as the original song, the only one. Mask.

“I wear a mask with a smile for hours at a time

Stare at the ceiling while I hold back what's on my mind

And when they ask me how I'm doing

I say, "I'm just fine"

And when they ask me how I'm doing

I say, "I'm just fine"

But the fact is

I can never get off of my mattress

And all that they can ask is

"Why are you so sad, kid?" (Why are you so sad, kid?)" Karl, Quackity and George worked as the backups this time. And before the next line, only Karl's soft piano playing stayed as the pre-chorus progressed.

"That's what the mask is

That's what the point of the mask is" all of the instrumentals came back at full power.

"So you can see I'm tryin'

You won't see me cryin'

I'll just keep on smilin', I'm good (Yeah, I'm good)

And it just keeps on pilin'

It's so terrifying

But I keep on smilin', I'm good (Yeah, I'm good)

I've been carin' too much for so long

Been comparin' myself for so long

Been wearin' a smile for so long, it's real

So long, it's real, so long, it's real" Everything calmed back down by the end of the last line.

"Always bein' judged by a bunch of strange faces

Scared to go outside, haven't seen the light in ages

But I've been places

So I'm okay-ish, so I'm okay-ish

Yeah, I'm okay, bitch" The instrumentals came back at full capacity again.

“But the fact is

I need help, I'm failin' all my classes

They think that I need glasses

I just really wish that I could pass this (Wish that I could pass this)” Everyone softened for the pre-chorus again before going up in power for the chorus.

“That's what the mask is

That's what the point of the mask is

So you can see I'm tryin'

You won't see me cryin'

I'll just keep on smilin', I'm good (Yeah, I'm good)

And it just keeps on pilin'

It's so terrifying

But I keep on smilin', I'm good (Yeah, I'm good)

I've been carin' too much for so long

Been comparin' myself for so long

Been wearin' a smile for so long, it's real

So long, it's real, so long, it's real

So long, it's real

So long, it's real”

The audience busted into claps and cheers, as they also did with the paths, but this was more energetic.

“Thank you!” Dream took a small bow and so did everyone else.

“Well, this is the moment we all have been waiting for, judges, take your pick.”

Eret was put right on the spot. “Dude why’d you do this to me?” They groaned in slight frustration. “Uh... we vote for one group, right?”

“Yes,”

Eret sat back in her chair, taking a moment to think, as did all the judges. “Ferals.”

“One vote for Feral Boys! How about you, Techno?”

“I will have to go with Divergent Paths.”

“One for Divergent, Wilbur?”

“I love you guys, Divergent Paths, but the Ferals.”

“Feral two, Paths one! Phil.”

“Paths.”

“Okay, and last but not least, Kristen?”

Kristen hummed, still thinking. “This is a hard choice...” She sighed, “I’d have to go with the Ferals, but incredible job, Paths.”

“Thank you ma’am.” Divergent Paths nodded in a small thank you, while the Ferals stood there in slight shock.

“And that means, the fifth winner of the annual music competition is... The Feral Boys!”

George was the first to tackle Dream, then Sapnap, then Quackity, then Karl. They sat in a group hug for a while before they pulled away.

“HOLY *SHIT* .” Sapnap beamed, “DID WE JUST WIN TWO YEARS IN A ROW?!”

Dream laughed softly, “I guess we did.”

“LET’S GO WE’RE POPPING OFF!” Karl smiled widely, and got tackled by Quackity and Sapnap into a hug, while George gave Dream a kiss.

“We won.” George smiled.

Dream laughed, “We did!”

The path boys weren’t even mad that they lost, watching the Ferals laugh and (in Karl’s case) cry over their victory was enough. Pink on White was invited back onto the stage and the awards for first, second and third place was given out. Niki and Puffer were over the moon, Purpled and Tubbo started crying because Niki and Karl were crying, and Tommy was crying a little too, but showed no one.

It wasn’t even a big music competition, but it was something the four wouldn’t forget. Fortunately for them, none of the media would really see them cry because of the masks and glasses, but they were practically in hysterics.

“Thank you,” Ranboo, the most together one accepted the award from Techno, the teacher smiled proudly.

“You guys were great, congrats.”

“Thank you Mr. Blade.” Ranboo smiled back under the mask.

“You guys get going now, you did great.” He patted the two crying (it’s either out of happiness or surprise) boy’s shoulders. “You two alright?”

“Y-yeah.” Tubbo sniffled. “Just- We won second place, how the hell-”

“-We’ll be fine, Mr. Blade.” Tommy laughed.

“How did we win second place?” Purpled seemed confused.

Techno just smiled, “see you four tomorrow.”

“Bye Mr. Blade.” They wall waved the man goodbye.

“... we won second place.” Tommy re-realized. “That’s poggers.”

“ *We’re* poggers.” Purpled corrected in a joking manner, sniffing.

“Yeah, yeah we are.” Tommy laughed, beginning to snifle too.

“You three- stop crying before *I* cry and-”

“Too bad, C.”

“I hate all three of you.”

“Congrats you four!” Niki came by, still slightly crying, “You guys were amazing beyond words.”

“Thank you Niki.” Ranboo somehow was pushed to speak for the team.

“Of course, C.”

“You four!” The paths turned to see Sapnap. “GOOD. FUCKING. JOB.”

The people on the stage bursted into laughter and so did the audience.

“THANK. FUCKING. YOU???” Tommy shouted back.

“WOO!” Quackity cheered, “NOT BAD FOR NEWBIES- OW-”

“Quackity please your embarrassing us.” Karl pinched his boyfriend softly.

“Pft-” Tommy gave his iconic laugh.

Tubbo stood in the middle of all of this, a feeling of happiness and affection towards his band and the other two bands.

They were nice.

Chapter End Notes

HAH PLEASE READ THE FIC SUMMARY/BIO AGAIN YOUR GIRL REDID IT SINCE SHE HAD BETTER IDEAS :)

also to all of the "not yet" comments to angst, idek if I'm gonna do angst anymore



The Ultimate Showdown of Ultimate Destiny

Mr. Blade tapped on his desk in a slight confusion. “What the fu-”

“-Mr. Blade, language.” Tommy spoke seriously. As the person who swears the most in the class, it earned a few giggles.

“Tommy, says you.” Mr. Blade simply replied, earning more than just a few giggles, “But seriously, why is there like- you four, you five, you two and like two other students. Why is there only thirteen students here today- I can’t teach like this.” He sighed, “Just- do whatever.”

“Free period?!” One of the miscellaneous students spoke excitedly, and the teacher sighed with a nod.

“Let’s go!” The other one cheered, and not after long, Dream approached the Paths with his bandmates.

“Should we... y’know, address the drama? Since the parking lot-”

“-we forgot.” Ranboo laughed, “Oh gods.”

“To be fair, we kinda forgot too...” George laughed softly.

“Oh good okay, thank god we weren’t just, meming on ourselves.” Purpled said, for a lack of better words.

“Nope, we forgot too.” Karl spoke softly.

“I’ll make a... I’ll make an audio for a confirmation that we’ve talked, and that we are sure that you weren’t copying, and you guys can just write a tweet to explain how you weren’t stealing the melody, the chords whatever, and that whatever similarities are accidental.” Dream explained easily. “Got it?”

The paths smiled, "Gotcha."



[One attachment]

--- @DivergentPathsOfficial

Thank you <333 - Path D

--- @TheFeralBoysOffical

Of course, love you guys - Dream

--- @PinkOnWhiteOfficial

UPVOTE!!! - Puffy

--- @User1

They're forgiving too quickly.

--- @User2

Well said, Dream. Well said. You made good points :)

--- @User3

Rigged.

The path just learned that people who will hate will hate, they'll stan, they'll call shit rigged, but that's the nature of everything on twitter. Dream and his bandmates offered a lot of advice, while Niki and Puffy offered support. With that, the band was quick to recover and get the controversies over with. Soon they were back on their feet and in a call as they listened to Tommy's recording on the drums. They decided to take a break from making songs, and follow the Feral Boys' footsteps for a moment and do some covers. Ranboo got so excited when he heard the song that they were covering next, and even more excited when he realized who was singing it.

“Okay Ran’.” Tubbo smiled as he pushed the microphone to Ranboo. “Pop off.”

“Okay, okay!” He smiled as the instrumental that Tubbo mixed played in the background, and the boys on the call waited for the intro bit to be done. Ranboo then decided to rap faster than humanly possible. Here was how the song was split:

(A/N: Pull up the song or something and pretend that they're singing/rapping it!)

THE ULTIMATE SHOWDOWN OF ULTIMATE DESTINY

RANBOO

TUBBO, TOMMY, PURPLED

ALL

Old Godzilla was hoppin' around

Tokyo City like a big playground

When suddenly Batman burst from the shade

And hit Godzilla with a bat grenade

Godzilla got pissed and began to attack

But didn't expect to be blocked by Shaq

Who proceeded to open up a can of Shaq Fu

When Aaron Carter came out of the blue

And he started beating up Shaquille O'Neal

Then they both got flattened by the Batmobile

But before he could make it back to the Batcave

Abraham Lincoln popped out of his grave

And took an AK-47 out from under his hat

And blew Batman away with a rat-a-tat-tat

But he ran out of bullets and he ran away

Because Optimus Prime came to save the day

This is the ultimate showdown of ultimate destiny

Good guys bad guys and explosions

As far as the eye can see

And only one will survive

I wonder who it will be

This is the ultimate showdown of ultimate destiny

Godzilla took a bite out of Optimus Prime

Like Scruff McGruff took a bite out of crime

Then Shaq came back covered in a tire track

But Jackie Chan jumped out and landed on his back

And Batman was injured and trying to get steady

When Abraham Lincoln came back with a machete

But suddenly something caught his leg and he tripped

Indiana Jones took him out with his whip

Then he saw Godzilla sneaking up from behind

And he reached for his gun which he just couldn't find

Because Batman stole it and he shot and he missed

And Jackie Chan deflected it with his fist

Then he jumped in the air and he did a somersault

While Abraham Lincoln tried to pole vault

Onto Optimus Prime, but they collided in the air

Then they both got hit by a Care Bear Stare

This is the ultimate showdown of ultimate destiny

Good guys bad guys and explosions

As far as the eye can see

And only one will survive

I wonder who it will be

This is the ultimate showdown

Angels sang out

In immaculate chorus Down from the heavens

Descended Chuck Norris

Who delivered a kick

Which could shatter bones

Into the crotch

Of Indiana Jones

Who fell over on the ground

Writhing in pain

As Batman changed back

Into Bruce Wayne

But Chuck saw through

His clever disguise

And he crushed Batman's head

In between his thighs

Then Gandalf the Grey And Gandalf the White

And Monty Python and the Holy Grail's Black Knight

And Benito Mussolini And the Blue Meanie

And Cowboy Curtis And Jambai the Genie

Robocop The Terminator Captain Kirk And Darth Vader

Lo Pan Superman Every single Power Ranger

Bill S. Preston And Theodore Logan

Spock The Rock Doc Ock And Hulk Hogan

All came out of nowhere lightning fast

And they kicked Chuck Norris in his cowboy ass

It was the bloodiest battle that the world ever saw

With civilians looking on in total awe

The fight raged on for a century

Many lives were claimed but eventually

The champion stood

The rest saw their better

Mr. Rogers in a blood-stained sweater

This is the ultimate showdown of ultimate destiny

Good guys, bad guys and explosions

As far as the eye can see

And only one will survive

I wonder who it will be

This is the ultimate showdown

(This is the ultimate showdown)

This is the ultimate showdown!

(This is the ultimate showdown)

This is the ultimate showdown of ultimate destiny

They posted it and to no one's surprise, the fans immediately found out that that was not Path A. So they started speculating, there were a lot of people thinking that it was Path D on twitter. So they had to clear it up.

@DivergentPathsOfficial

Heya, just to clarify, the member who sang The Ultimate Showdown of Ultimate Destiny is Path C! Me and Path D are British, B and C are American :D - Path A

--- **@TheFeralBoysOfficial**

Imagine being british

- Quackity

--- **@TheFeralBoysOfficial**

breakthrough offline from this show. You guys are a particular bunch, amassing over 100k subscribers in half a month, and surely a lot more subscribers to come.

For more information, please visit our website: www.onlinetooffline.com

Thank you.



“This seems like a great opportunity! Why are you guys so bummed...?” Motherboo asked while Ranboo and Tubbo came back downstairs sadly after visiting the website with Purpled and Tommy in hand.

“It takes place during the summer, and y’know, the two brits are leaving...” Ranboo sighed heavily, leaning on the table as he sat down.

Motherboo paused, “Call your parents, you two. See if you can come back over to America during that time, and for you two, Purpled, Tommy, come over for dinner?”

Motherboo and Purpled’s parents have communicated after hearing about the band, and they decided that if Motherboo had time, they’d send the two kids over to her’s for dinner.

“Okay, see you soon Ms. Boo.”

“Bye bye.” She smiled as the two hung up. “Don’t worry too much, with your success, you should be able to convince the parents.” She ruffled both Tubbo and Ranboo’s hair. “Okay?”

“Okay.” The two smiled.

“Okay, go get some plates.”

“I’ll get the utensils!” Tubbo walked towards the drawer, leaving the tallest to the shelves of plates.”

“Ms. Boo, hello!” The three turned to see the two boys at the threshold of the house, since they had learned the password of the house keypad.

“Tommy! Purpled! Come in, we’re getting ready for dinner.” Motherboo smiled. “We’ll also talk about the TV situation while we’re at it, okay?”

They smiled, “Okay.”

5 Songs...

Chapter Summary

Bye bye to clingy duo, they'll be back soon.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Ranboo was driving, the car was somewhat quiet, which was rare for the four that were in the car. Tubbo sat in the passenger's seat, while Tommy sat behind him, and Purpled sat behind Ranboo.

"..." Tommy wanted to strike up a conversation, to make sure that he wouldn't regret not saying anything on the last day of their time all together. "So, any song ideas to record while we're not together?"

Ranboo hummed, "We can do some more covers, but I'm gonna guess that that was what you were talking about... Song ideas. Uh..."

"Someone get out a notebook because I have a list." Purpled laughed softly.

"Come on, then *you* write it." Tubbo rolled his eyes jokingly.

"That makes sense," Purpled chuckled, turning his phone on and opening a notes app. "Okay, so... some of these are requests, some are just my ideas. *Yellow Hearts*, *Pure Imagination*, might have stolen this one from Niki and Puffy, but *Coffee*, *The Nights* and *The Cult of Dionysus* ." After getting a list, they decided that they'd spend the last of their time all together to plan a song while waiting an hour to actually get into the airport in time instead of being insanely early.

Here's what they got.

THE CULT OF DIONYSUS

Tommy

Tubbo

Both

Yesterday I heard you say

Your lust for life has gone away

It got me thinking, I think I feel a similar way

*And that's sad, **that's sad** , that's sad*

So let's make a decision, start a new religion

Yeah, we're gonna build a temple to our love

Orgiastic dances, nymphs in trances

Yeah, we'll be the envy of the gods above

I'm feeling devious

You're looking glamorous

Let's get mischievous

And polyamorous

Wine and women and wonderful vices

Welcome to the cult of Dionysus

We could take a holiday in the month of May

Run free and play in fields of flowers

Pass the hours making love is how we'll pray

Or start a secret society for the wild and free

Our ideology is "You can do what you want

Too much is never enough"

We are the light, we are the life

We are the envy of the gods above

I'm feeling devious

You're looking glamorous

Let's get mischievous

And polyamorous

Wine and women and wonderful vices

Welcome to the cult of Dionysus

Run, run, run away

Just take my hand and we'll abandon this world

We'll wash those tears away

You're young and beautiful, and I'll love you always

We got no time for pain

When it's just you and me in ecstasy, hey

What is with the world today

The wicked games that people play

The wars, the greed, they waste away

*Yeah, it's sad, **it's sad** , it's sad*

So let's spread the word across the land

Yeah, one by one, baby, hand in hand

We got a mission of hope

We got message of love

Soon everybody everywhere will be

The envy of the gods above

I'm feeling devious

You're looking glamorous

Let's get mischievous

And polyamorous

Wine and women and wonderful vices

Welcome to the cult of Dionysus

I'm feeling devious

You're looking glamorous (Run, run, run away)

Let's get mischievous

And polyamorous

Wine and women and wonderful vices

Welcome to the cult of Dionysus

They decided to put Tubbo and Tommy together to sing this song so it's easier for Tubbo to reach out if he needed something changed. They did go to the same school after all.

“Okay, we’ll call you guys first thing!” Tubbo furrowed his brows in sadness, “Promise.” He held out his pinky.

“What is this? 3rd grade?” Ranboo laughed, but took the sign of promise anyways.

“Yes, we’re in 3rd grade, can’t you tell?” Tubbo joked.

“I’ll miss you guys.” Tommy smiled softly, “Good luck you two with recording and shit.”

“I’ll miss you guys too,” Purpled dragged the other three into a group hug that lasted a minute... or five, they didn’t really know.

“We’ll also record the singing ASAP! Also I’ll plan out another song with Tommy!” Tubbo called behind him before they reached security, and that was that, they were gone. Ranboo sighed heavily, and Purpled just crossed his arms for comfort.

“Want a drive home?” Ranboo placed a hand on the shorter’s shoulder. Purpled laughed.

“No, please, just leave me here.”

“Bet.”

“No Ranboo please come back my beloved-”



Tommy and Tubbo were sad to leave Purpled and Ranboo, of course. But they were glad that they made a new friend to keep in the UK. They made their way into the plane and sat down, Tommy got a text from his mom before they took off, which happened to tell him that due to her being busy for the day, Tubbo’s parents, which she had met and they were now great friends, would drive them home. Tommy told Tubbo the news, and he just replied with a simple, yet cheerful “nice.”

They worked on some songs on the flight, and also played a video game that Purpled suggested, along with watching a movie together. Tommy kept saying that the movie was unrealistic, and Tubbo laughed at his annoyed tone. They landed in the UK again, and they went through security, both jet lagged and tired. Tommy had to help pull Tubbo’s luggage out of the conveyor belt (again).

“Why do I feel deja vu.” Tommy paused after handing Tubbo his luggage.

“Oh, maybe because you’ve done this before?” Tubbo laughed, “You helped me when we arrived in america.”

“... I did?”

“You bitch.” Tubbo lightly nudged Tommy with a laugh, “I can’t believe you don’t remember.”

“I’m sorry! That shit was what, six months ago?”

“... already?” Tubbo squinted. “Damn, time goes by fast when you have something to do...”

“Yeah, agreed.” The taller smiled as they made their way out of the termina, and Tubbo immediately spotted his parents, and he gave a big wave before looking back to Tommy. “It’s been a short half a year, huh.”

Tubbo smiled in agreement. “I’m glad it happened, though.”

“I am too.”



They posted The Cult of Dionysus cover, and that went record highs for them, reaching 100k views in under a week. They also hit 200k subscribers after that.

Tubbo ended up planning four songs, which sent the four into a slight panic to play them all in time, but it was the summer, they spent all their days either with the other person in their country, or holed up in their room,

“Tommy, wrong timing.” Tubbo laid on Tommy’s room’s floor, before Tommy backtracked the audio file and tried again.

Tubbo was listening to the files that Ranboo sent him, since he already deemed Purpled’s as good. Ranboo’s last baseline came to a close, and that was okay too, so he just needed to record the singing after Tommy was done. Soon, he was done, and it had no problems, so it was time to record the vocals, as well as Tommy’s while the americans recorded theirs. This is what Tubbo had planned:

YELLOW HEARTS

Tubbo

Tommy

Both

She put my name with yellow hearts

Her favorite color like the stars

I didn't listen very hard

When she told me she was crazy from the start

She put my name with yellow hearts

I said she was a work of art

I didn't listen very hard

When she told me she was crazy from the start

I drive down open roads so slow

Here comes a train, I'll let it go

Ain't got nobody on my phone

Don't like being all alone (*Don't like being all alone*)

Not good at keeping with the trends (No, no)

Too good at welcoming amends

It's been a while since I've heard her say

That we were more than friends (Oh)

Oh, I, I-I-I, know a lot is going on

But girl, please tell me

And I'll let you be

Are you still with me or not?

She put my name with yellow hearts

Her favorite color, like the stars

I didn't listen very hard

When she told me she was crazy from the start

She put my name with yellow hearts (*Yeah, she did*)

I said she was a work of art (*Work of art*)

I didn't listen very hard (*Very hard, no, no*)

When she told me she was crazy from the start

She put yellow hearts around my name

I thought they were all just the same

To you, what do they really mean?

Have you only been playing games?

I'm by the garden with the carpenter bees

Like I'm Bob Ross-in' with a Harden beard

Taking it all in like I got no issues in my nature

Primroses blooming in the night

Birds wanna take me on a flight

Appreciating my land 'fore it turns into a glacier

Chasers are of no good use

This taste will be long endured

Why'd you have to go so soon?

I thought this was as good as new

She put yellow hearts around my name (ohhh)

I thought they were all just the same (ohhh)

To you, what do they really mean? (ohhh)

Have you only been playing games? (ohhh)

She put my name with yellow hearts (Yeah, she did)

Her favorite color, like the stars (Like the stars)

I didn't listen very hard (Very hard, no, no)

When she told me she was crazy from the start

She put my name with yellow hearts (She put yellow hearts around my name)

I said she was a work of art (I thought they were all just the same)

I didn't listen very hard (To you, what do they really mean?)

When she told me she was crazy from the start (Have you only been playing games?)

PURE IMAGINATION

Ranboo

Purpled

Both

Come with me and you'll be

In a world of pure imagination

Take a look and you'll see Into your imagination

We'll begin with a spin

Travelling in the world of my creation

What we'll see will defy explanation

Come with me and you'll be

In a world of pure imagination

Take a look and you'll see Into your imagination

We'll begin with a spin

Travelling in the world of my creation

What we'll see will defy explanation

COFFEE

Purpled

Don't stay awake for too long

Don't go to bed

I'll make a cup of coffee for your head
I'll get you up and going out of bed
And I promise that one day I'll feel fine
And I promise that one day I'll feel alright

And I'll make a cup of coffee
With the right amount of sugar
How you like it
And I'll make a cup of coffee
With the right amount of sugar
How you like it
How you like it

Don't know how long I'll stay for
It's okay, I'll knock on your door
Won't you come down and get me?
I like it when you hold me
Tight

You make me feel nice
The green in your eyes
Makes me feel warm inside

THE NIGHTS

Tommy

Tubbo

Ranboo

Purpled

ALL

Once upon a younger year

When all our shadows disappeared

The animals inside came out to play (HEY)

Went face to face with all our fears

Learned our lessons through the tears

Made memories we knew would never fade

One day my father he told me

Son, don't let it slip away

He took me in his arms, I heard him say (HEY)

When you get older

Your wild heart will live for younger days

Think of me if ever you're afraid

HE SAID ONE DAY YOU'LL LEAVE THIS WORLD BEHIND

SO LIVE A LIFE YOU'LL REMEMBER

MY FATHER TOLD ME WHEN I WAS JUST A CHILD

THESE ARE THE NIGHTS THAT NEVER DIE

MY FATHER TOLD ME

When thunderclouds start pouring down

Light a fire they can't put out

Carve your name into those shining stars

He said, go venture far beyond the shores

Don't forsake this life of yours

I'll guide you home no matter where you are

One day my father he told me

Son, don't let it slip away

When I was just a kid, I heard him say

When you get older

Your wild heart will live for younger days

Think of me if ever you're afraid

He said, one day you'll leave this world behind

So live a life you will remember

My father told me when I was just a child

These are the nights that never die

MY FATHER TOLD ME

THESE ARE THE NIGHTS THAT NEVER DIE

MY FATHER TOLD ME

Oooh, oooh

Oooh, oooh

Oooh, oooh

MY FATHER TOLD ME

By the end of three weeks, everything was done, scheduled, and ready to send out to the world. At the same time, Tubbo and Tommy were more than ready to return to the US. Yes, they went back to the UK, but Motherboo, after long phone convos with Tommy and Tubbo's parents, and who the four boys nicknamed as "mystery producer". The company of the show said that they'd pay for the plane tickets and their stay, they just had to be there. Mother, Fatherinnit and Mother, Father dearest thought , why not?

So after three weeks of recording for YouTube so they didn't seem to just disappear, Tubbo and Tommy left for the airport.

IM ALIVE

I had some friends over for a sleepover and had no time to write, but I'm back I swear!!!

That... was a close one.

“Sorry, but the flight is canceled, we’re trying to figure out the next available flight.”

Tubbo and Tommy froze.

“What.” They both spoke, less of a question, more of a statement.

“I’m sorry you two, we’ll probably be able to find one in under an hour. We’ll email you guys when we do.”

The two boys nodded in thanks to the worker who just wanted to get through the day, and sat down in one of the waiting seats. The staff at the show had left them 3 extra hours in case this happened, but they couldn’t help but get worried. Since it was 3am, they figured that they’d call the Americans, since it was only 10pm for them.

“Oh, we hope you guys good luck, that’s all we can really say...” Ranboo sighed.

“Yeah, by the way, we’re already here, so we can cover it if you miss the first rehearsal.”

Tubbo laid upside down on one of the chairs, sighing. “I’m sorry guys.”

“Tubbo, stop apologizing for things you cannot control.” Purpled spoke sternly.

“Yeah, you’ve got to stop doing that.” Ranboo agreed.

“Why are you there at 10pm anyways?” Tommy spoke up, trying to change the topic for a moment.

“Yeah about that- we were also late, since there was so much damned traffic.” Purpled sighed softly.

“We had to take a full roadtrip to get here, remember?” Ranboo added.



“We’re gonna have to take a full ass road trip up the country.” Purpled told them as he sat beside Ranboo, both sitting on the swings at a park.

“Yeah, it’s gonna be long.” Ranboo groaned.

“Mhm, good luck.” They heard a half asleep Tubbo hum on the three way call.

“Don’t push yourselves too hard.” Tommy sounded half asleep too.

“It’s 1am for you guys, isn’t it,” Purpled laughed softly, “We’ll leave you two be now, good night.”

“Good night.”



“I think we were asleep when you two told us.”

Purpled and Ranboo stood quiet for a moment, *“Yeah- yeah, probably.”*

“Well, good luck you two, we have to get signed in.”

Tubbo flipped back right around the chair. “Thank you.”

“Bye bye.” Tommy spoke softly before hanging up.

“Has it been an hour yet?” Tubbo asked, looking to Tommy expectedly. Tommy sighed and checked his phone.

“No.” He went to check for a new email. “Nope.”



Tommy drummed a soft beat on his lap with his fingers as they waited, it has been well over an hour at this point, and alas, no email.

“You wanna get food?” Tubbo sat straighter.

“Yeah let’s go.” Tommy nodded.

They went to burger king and ordered a whopper, where they met this guy who they had to sit with since there weren’t much tables around.

“Did you get a whoopa?”

“...” The two boys paused.

“Pardon?” Tommy asked with a light wheeze.

“Did you get a whoopa?” He repeated again, and Tommy looked to Tubbo, who was equally confused.

“A-” Tommy paused to think, “OH A WHOPPER- yes, we did get a whoppa.” He repeated.

“Oh that makes sense.” Tubbo paused before laughing. “I am so sorry but what-”

“I am so sorry it was a dare, I-” the guy paused, face palming, “Glad to know that you got a

whopper thought.”

Tubbo wheezed, “What kind of dare is that?!”

“I have no idea- a bandmate- they- I have no idea.” He repeated himself.

“Um- well, that’s quite interesting.” Tommy paused, “I’m Tommy.”

“Oh- I’m Jack.” He laughed softly, “How about you?”

“I’m Tubbo,” Tubbo waved a little, though they were not even a meter apart, “Where are you headed?”

“New York.” Jack took a bite out of his food, “But my flight was canceled.”

“Oh, we were supposed to be on the same flight then,” Tubbo spoke after swallowing. “We’re going to New York too, but our flight was canceled as well.”

“What are you two doing over there?” Jack asked, “Well I mean you don’t have to tell me, but I’m just- y’know.”

“Oh, we’re actually-” Tommy paused. “Going... on a work trip.” He tried to skim over the fact that they were who they were. “You said you were a part of a band? Are you going for a gig?”

Jack paused, “You could say that. I’m going for a show.”

Tubbo froze, “A TV show?!”

“Yeah, it’s called Online to Offline.”

The two younger boys froze, not sure if they should laugh or cry.

“I’ve never really seen it, but it could be a breakout for our band so we took the opportunity.” Jack shrugged. “You two alright?”

“Oh- yeah, deffo, we’re okay-” Tubbo gave a pointed look towards Tommy.

“We’re really not.” Tommy blurted out.

“Tommy!” Tubbo smacked his arm.

“We’re your competitor.”

“Oh. OH-”

“Which band are you?” Tommy pulled his phone out to look at this list of bands that mystery producer gave him.

“Oh! We’re Snowchester!” Jack seemed excited.

“Wait…” Tommy squinted at his phone, before passing it to Tubbo. “There’s literally no way.”

“Charlie Slimecicle?!” Tubbo wheezed, “Charlie is in this?!”

“You guys know Charlie?!” Jack laughed softly, “Damn, it’s a small world, isn’t it?”

“We were in the same music competition.” Tommy explained.

“Oh the one that he sings the Pokemon theme to every year?” Jack shook his head, “He’s honestly a disappointment to the band.” He joked.

“So it’s just you two?” Tommy asked.

“Yup, us two.”

“Nice.” Tubbo smiled.

“How about you two? Which band?”

Tommy and Tubbo paused, before Tubbo scrolled to their band’s introduction on Tommy’s phone and slid it over after Tommy gave him a nod.

“You guys are Divergent Paths?!”

They smiled. “Yup!”



The two Americans had checked in, and was now sitting in the lobby of the hotel out of boredom.

“Wait is tha-” Purpled sat up from where he sat half laid down. “CHARLIE?!”

Charlie whipped his head around. “Purpled! Ranboo!” He smiled, walking over, “What are you two- well I know you guys are in *that* band, but you two are on this show too?”

“Yeah, you’re in a band?!” Ranboo laughed softly, “I would have never guessed.”

“I sing more than Pokemon, y’know!”

“That’s good to know.” Purpled smiled. “I really need to go over the list of bands...”

“I do too.”

The two fell quiet. “Nah I’ll do it tomorrow.”

“Mhm, tomorrow.”

Charlie smiled, "Good luck."

“What do you mean good lu- CHARLIE- COME BAC- damn it.” Purpled groaned.

“What does he mean, *good luck* ?!” Ranboo tilted his head in confusion.

“No idea.” Purpled sighed. “Have they updated us? It has been *well* over an hour.”

“Nope...”

“Let’s hope they’re okay...”



The two, now with Jack, went up to the front desk, all three worried about the time they had left.

“We’re still looking for a flight, it’ll be soon, I promise. But it might take up to another hour. Flights from here to New York can’t be *that* rare, right?”

The three paused. “Right.”

“I am so sorry you three, but a PA announcement will go across the airport when we find a flight, and then it’ll take a while for that flight to take place. I am so sorry.”

Tubbo sighed, “It’s out of your control. It’s fine.”

“Have a nice night.”

“You too.”

They walked back to the lines of chairs, before sitting down, all anxious and tired. It was almost 4am by now. They ended up talking about their plans for the future of their bands.

“If we win, we'll be able to debut.” Jack laughed softly. “That'd be nice.”

“Agreed.” Tubbo sighed, “But I don't know, chances are low.”

“That's true, but we've got a chance.” Jack smiled. “We'll win against you four, for sure.”

“Oh as if, Jack.” Tommy rolled his eyes.

Tubbo and Tommy's phone buzzed, and though it could be the plane, it was just Purpled.

Purpled:

We're going to bed, but reminder that the cutoff is in 10 hours... The flight is 8 hours. I hope you guys make it.

“We're not gonna fucking make it.” Tommy panicked.

“WE ARE!” Tubbo smacked Tommy.

“I'm not taking any pessimism today, Tommy. We're going to make it.” Jack agreed with Tubbo.

“... The ratio is not looking good for us.” Tommy rationed. “Cutoff is in 10 hours, the flight is 8 hours... we have one hour here if we want to make it-”

Ding!

They all took out their phones. It was an email. They all opened it quickly, before Tommy wheezed. “Well! I’ll be damned.” He laughed. “Looks like we’re gonna make it!”

“...” Tubbo paused, “We have to run across the terminal in 10 minutes.”

“...” Tommy paused too, and Jack just stood up.

“Then move it, you two!”

They sprinted across the airport, and made it in three, practically tearing the front desk down when they couldn’t stop in time and crashed into it.

“You three are just in time!” The woman at the desk smiled. “Pass me the tickets, and you’ll be right off.”

They got onto the plane alright, and practically crashed immediately onto the seats, before falling asleep not long after.

♪ ♪.111111♯♯♯♯♯♯♯♯♯♯. ♪ ♪

“Where are you guys off to?” The taxi driver asked. “Well, I know where you guys are off to, but what are you guys doing here?”

“We’re... on a business trip.” Tubbo smiled.

“You guys don’t even look 18,”

“Shit.” Tommy muttered under his breath. “We’re doing a gig.”

“Like a music one?”

“Yeah.” Jack smiled.

“That’s nice, I remember when I was young.”

They were at the hotel not long after, and Tommy checked the time. They had 15 minutes to sign in at the hotel, and run to the stadium beside the hotel to do mic check. They had to be like the fucking flash.

“Thank you!” Tubbo practically threw the money at the driver before rushing out of the car, and ran into the hotel, by a desk was Purpled and Ranboo.

“They’re here!” Ranboo told the person at the desk, and they started writing down names, dates, times.

“I- I am too.” Jack panted, “Jack Manifold.”

“You three are just in time, we were informed of the canceled flights so it wouldn’t have been a problem if you guys were late.” the person at the desk smiled, “But please head over to the stadium, you don’t want to be late for that. Jack, you’re fine for now.”

“Shit.” Tubbo panicked, “Can I leave this here?” He looked to his luggage.

“Yup.”

“Okay bye!” He bolted off, and Purpled, Ranboo and Tommy followed, it was a good thing that they didn’t have to carry any of their instruments, the company provided them with that.

They made it into the stadium, and almost bumped into someone on their way in.

“Oh! Sorry we shouldn’t have been-” They heard an awfully familiar voice speak. “Tubbo?”

Tommy- Purpled, Ranboo-” They looked up to see Dream and his bandmates. “You guys are here too?”

“Dream!” Tommy smiled at the familiar face.

“YO PUFF!” Sapnap called into the stadium, and a head of white fluff popped out. She smiled and grabbed onto someone, who the paths deemed to be Niki, and ran towards them.

“You guys are here too?” She smiled as the paths scrambled to get their masks and sunglasses as they saw more people.

“Yeah!” Purpled spoke, half muffled.

“We didn’t expect to see you guys here.” Ranboo was already wearing a mask, so he just put on his sunglasses.

“Well we did, you guys were on the list.”

“*Oh, the list.*” They all thought at once.

“Well, we kinda forgot to read it.” Tubbo laughed softly.

“*Is Divergent Paths here?*”

“We’ll be right back,” Tommy smiled, before pushing his bandmates towards the stage. “HI WE’RE HERE!”

“*Good, go up and get used to the instruments, and we’ll get right started.*”

Online to Offline pt 1

“Does that voice sound familiar to you, or is that just me?” Tubbo paused at the voice over the PA, which had an accent to it, an English accent.

“Yeah, a little.” Tommy paused as well, “Eh, lots of brits have that accent.”

“No, even I can hear it.” Ranboo spoke, “It sounds so familiar, but I can’t put my finger on it...”

“Exactly what Ranboo said,” Purpled sighed as he tuned the electric guitar. “Just on the tip of my tongue.”

“Well, here we go, start of rehearsals of Online to Offline 2021!” The PA boomed. *“Before we start, let me restate the disclaimers of this rehearsal, which is literally only one.”* The speaker paused. *“This will be recorded and used as footage for the... special before the first episode. So yeah! Go ahead.”*

Tommy and Tubbo paused, they probably looked like they were sick or some shit, since they were jetlagged as hell.

“Okay...” Tommy paused in front of the drum. “What are we-”

Tubbo gave his band a evil smile. Ranboo sighed. “What do you have in mind, bee boy?”

“Rasputin.”

“Okay, let’s get this over with.” Purpled sighed.

Tommy gave Tubbo a look before hitting his two drumsticks together. *“ONE TWO THREE AND FOUR!”*

Ranboo took a breath, since he was singing first. This was a song that mostly Tubbo and Ranboo sang. Tubbo, for now, was more interested in getting the synth to play the right beats that Tommy

couldn't all play at once, and when it did, Tubbo sighed softly out of relief.

RASPUTIN

Ranboo

Tubbo

Ranoo and Tubbo

All four

There lived a certain man in Russia long ago

He was big and strong, in his eyes a flaming glow

Most people looked at him with terror and with fear

But to Moscow chicks he was such a lovely dear

He could preach the Bible like a preacher

Full of ecstasy and fire

But he was also the kind of teacher

Women would desire

Ra-ra-rasputin

Lover of the Russian Queen

There was a cat that really was gone

Ra-ra-rasputin

Russia's greatest love machine

It was a shame how he carried on

On, on

Lived a certain man in Russia long ago

He was big and strong, in his eyes a flaming glow

Most people looked at him with terror and with fear

But to Moscow chicks he was such a lovely dear

He could preach the Bible like a preacher

Full of ecstasy and fire

But he was also the kind of teacher

Women would desire

Ra-ra-rasputin

Lover of the Russian Queen

There was a cat that really was gone

Ra-ra-rasputin

Russia's greatest love machine

It was a shame how he carried on

By the end of whatever that was, they laughed at their ridiculousness, but there were still a few claps in the little people who watched them.

Tubbo laughed harder and bowed. “Thank you.”

“Oh god I think we embarrassed ourselves on our first take.” Tommy sighed from the back.

“No, I think we did fine.” Ranboo laughed, “They liked it, I think.”

“Alright, is that the only song that you’ve got.. Or...”

Tommy sighed, “We have more.”

“Okay, can you guys do another?”

“Got it.” Tubbo paused, looking back, “What do you guys-”

Tommy immediately spoke, “Cult of Dionysus? We’ve never performed it or anything.”

“We haven’t performed most of the songs we’ve practiced, but sure. Go for it.” Purpled sighed.

“Okay, go ahead.” Ranboo got reading for his parts as Tubbo shuffled closer to the mic.

“ONE TWO THREE AND FOUR!”

The song was quite quick, so before a single strum was let out, Tommy started his line.

“ Yesterday I heard you say

Your lust for life has gone away

It got me thinking, I think I feel a similar way

And that's sad,”

Tubbo was the female voice in the song, so he followed up with the next line.

“That’s sad”

And Tommy continued to his next line.

“ that's sad

So let's make a decision, start a new religion

Yeah, we're gonna build a temple to our love

Orgiastic dances, nymphs in trances

Yeah, we'll be the envy of the gods above” The beat dropped with a hard strum from Ranboo’s bass.

“I’m feeling devious.”

"You're looking glamorous" Tubbo followed, before they both sang the chorus.

"Let's get mischievous

And polyamorous

Wine and women and wonderful vices

Welcome to the cult of Dionysus"

Ranboo and Purpled played a little instrumental bit, before Tommy sang again.

"We could take a holiday in the month of May

Run free and play in fields of flowers

Pass the hours making love is how we'll pray"

Tubbo's lines followed Tommy's.

"Or start a secret society for the wild and free

Our ideology is "You can do what you want

Too much is never enough"

We are the light, we are the life

We are the envy of the gods above"

Tommy started the chorus again, *"I'm feeling devious"*

Tubbo followed, *"You're looking glamorous"*

The beat dropped, and both Tubbo and Tommy sang, *"Let's get mischievous*

And polyamorous

Wine and women and wonderful vices

Welcome to the cult of Dionysus"

Purpled quickly swapped out his electric guitar to his acoustic one so it could fit better with the

softer bridge that Tommy and Tubbo sung together.

“Run, run, run away

Just take my hand and we'll abandon this world

We'll wash those tears away

You're young and beautiful, and I'll love you always

We got no time for pain

When it's just you and me in ecstasy, hey” Purpled, after the base came in heavy, changed to the electric guitar again for the instrumental.

Tommy sang the next few lines “ *What is with the world today*

The wicked games that people play

The wars, the greed, they waste away

Yeah, it's sad,”

Tubbo followed quickly, as if he was agreeing “*It's sad”*

Tommy repeated his words from the line before. “*it's sad*

So let's spread the word across the land

Yeah, one by one, baby, hand in hand

We got a mission of hope

We got message of love

Soon everybody everywhere will be

The envy of the gods above”

Tommy hit a harder beat on his drums (and since it was electric, it wouldn't affect the mic) “ *I'm feeling devious”*

Tubbo pressed a chord to his keyboard. “*You're looking glamorous”*

The bass and guitar came back in as Tubbo and Tommy sang the next line,

“Let's get mischievous

And polyamorous

Wine and women and wonderful vices

Welcome to the cult of Dionysus”

Tommy repeated the pattern, *“I'm feeling devious”*

Tubbo followed the same pattern too. *“You're looking glamorous”*

Ranboo sang backup, *“Run, run, run away”*

Tommy and Tubbo continued, *“Let's get mischievous*

And polyamorous

Wine and women and wonderful vices

Welcome to the cult of Dionysus.”

Ranboo and Purpled strummed one last note.

“Okay! That was good!” The PA system started again as the small crowd clapped, Tubbo spotting Niki and Dream's eyes. They stared dead into the younger boy's soul.

The lead singers in the room were formidable, they were the columns of the band, and unfortunately, Tubbo was the lead singer for his.

They weren't going to make it without more stage presence, it was Pink on White, The Feral Boys, and Charlie they were dealing with.

Tubbo sighed and walked off the stage while Niki and Puffy walked on. They pressed a few notes or strummed a few chords on their instruments before the PA system came on again.

“Whenever you're ready.”

Puffy got herself ready in front of the keyboard, while this time, even though Niki was a guitar player, she had a keyboard too. Niki cleared her throat, and nodded to Puffy. The pianist started to play a soft chord progression,

Niki took a deep, silent breath before singing.

“My feet are aching

And your back is pretty tired

And we've drunk a couple bottles, babe

And set our grief aside

The Papers say it's doomsday

The button has been pressed

We're gonna nuke each other up boys

'Til old satan stands impressed”

“And here it is, our final night alive

And as the-” Niki strummed a note on her guitar, *“-earth runs to the ground”* She placed the guitar to the side as she laid her fingers on the keyboard and played a beat, since the keyboard had that setting.

“Oh girl it's you that I lie with

As the atom bomb locks in

Oh it's you I watch TV with

As the world, as the world caves in” Niki looped the beat as she reached for the guitar again.

“You put your final suit on

I paint my fingernails

Oh we're going out in style babe

And everything's on sale

We creep up on extinction

I pull your arms right in

I weep and say goodnight love

While my organs pack it in”

“And here it is, our final night alive

And as the earth runs to the ground

Oh girl it's you that I lie with

As the atom bomb locks in

Oh it's you I watch TV with

As the world, as the world caves

Oh it's you that I lie with

As the atom bomb locks in

Yes it's you I welcome death with

As the world, as the world caves in

As the world caves in”

A small round of applause rang out in the podium, and a slight threat was basically set throughout the building. Niki’s singing has improved a lot, not a lot can be told about her guitar playing, since she didn’t play much, but Puffy improved in her piano skills.

“Thank you.” Niki smiled into the mic.

“Thank you, girls. Can we get the Ferals next?” The boys walked on, telling the two girls that they did a good job as they went on, and Niki, along with Puffy, wished them good luck.

They decided quickly, and George strummed lightly on his bass as a quick rhythm check.
“Whenever you guys are ready.”

Dream pointed to the Paths. “You four!”

They jumped, and Tubbo spoke, “Yes?”

“I’ll match you guys’ ridiculousness, in a good way.”

“Oh?”

“Sapnap?”

“ONE TWO THREE AND FOUR!”

Quackity and Dream quickly changed positions, and to no one’s surprise, Dream could play the bass.

Dream quickly adjusted his mic as George covered for him.

“I know, you see

Somehow the world will change for me

And be so wonderful”

Quackity actually had a really nice singing voice.

“Live life, breathe air

I know somehow we're gonna get there

And feel so wonderful”

“I will make you change your mind

These things happen all the time

And it's all real

I'm telling you just how I feel”

Dream and George sang the backing “ahh”s and “ooo”s as Quackity practically rocked out, it was a pleasant sight to watch.

“So wake up the members of my nation

It's your time to be

There's no chance unless you take one"

All three of the singers sang the next line,

"And the time to see"

Before Dream and George went back to their "ahh"s and "ooo"s, before singing the word "situation" and the last line.

"The brighter side of every situation

Some things are meant to be

So give me your best and leave the rest to me"

It went back to the main part again, and to everyone's surprise, Karl utilized his microphone to do a slight duet with Quackity.

"I know it's time

To raise the hand that draws the line

And be so wonderful

Golden sunshine

I know somehow it's gonna be mine

And feel so wonderful"

Quackity and Karl's voices melded together pretty easily, forming an effortless harmony.

"Show me what you can become

*There's a dream in **GEORGENOTFOUND** [HEY! WHAT THE FUCK?!]*

And it's all real

I'm telling you just how I feel" The two singers broke out into little giggles.

The pattern turned into the same one as before, but now with Karl too.

"So wake up the members of my nation

It's your time to be

There's no chance unless you take one

And the time to see

The brighter side of every situation

Somethings are meant to be

So give me your best and leave the rest to me”

Karl and Quackity continued their duet, before Dream and George followed into the chorus.

“Leave it all to me (Leave it all to me)

So make it mine and see it through

You know you won't be free until you

Wake up the members of my nation

It's your time to be

There's no chance unless you take one

And the time to see

The brighter side of every situation

Somethings are meant to be

So give me your best and leave the rest to me

Leave it all to me (Leave it all to me)

Leave it all to me

Just leave it all to me”

Claps and giggles erupted within the stadium as Quackity bowed dramatically with a wide smile.

“Uh...” The PA system started again, “*Can we get another song?*”

Dream laughed and switched positions with Quackity, “Of course.” He went to discuss what song was going to be sung next when Tubbo sighed.

“Even their like- non serious song was good!”

“I agree, and I didn’t even watch iCarly.” Tommy sighed.

“Literally how-” Purpled laughed.

“Brits.” Ranboo shrugged.

“Okay, Sapnap?” Dream went to confirm with his drummer as the room quieted again.

“Gotcha,” Sapnap hit the two sticks in his hands together. “*ONE TWO THREE AND FOUR*”

George started the strumming, and Dream sang lightly.

“Life’s alright in devil town

They’re right, no one’s gonna catch us now

Dad has bought a new car now

We’re fine, no one’s gonna catch us now”

The drums and keyboard started, and Quackity also added another layer of bass.

“ You said something dumb again

She’s mad, at least that’s what they say”

Quackity and George added some backing to the next two lines,

“ Mum and daddy aren’t in love

That’s fine, I’ll settle for two birthdays”

Right before the word “birthday”, quackity stepped on the pedal that he had to change to the tone of the drums, and the backup singing drifted off.

“Devil town is colder in the summertime

I'll lose my mind at least another thousand times

Hold my hand tight, we'll make it another night

I still get a little scared of something new

But i feel a little safer when I'm with you

Falling doesn't feel so bad when I know you've fallen this way too”

Dream had a pedal of his own, bringing the mic to a more muffled tone as it went back to just him and Sapnap.

“We're all dead in devil town

That's fine, cause nothing's gonna scare us now”

George came back in with his bass, along with his backup singing.

“ We're all in our dressing gowns, mine's white

And stripy yours is green and brown”

Dream stepped on the pedal again to deactivate it, while George was swapped out with Quackity

“I forgot my name again

I think that's something worth remembering

Spiders in your favourite shoes

Just leave them because they're more scared of you”

George stopped his bass playing and Sapnap stopped his drum as Quackity took over with a riff, leaving a quieter sound within the song, though Sapnap did add an additional beat every once in a while.

“Devil town is colder in the summertime

I'll lose my mind at least another thousand times

Hold my hand tight, we'll make it another night”

Everything paused as Quackity stepped on his pedal again, distorting the sound of his bass.

"I still get a little scared of something new

But i feel a little safer when I'm with you

Falling doesn't feel so bad when I know you've fallen this way too"

A little instrumental break was played, before Dream sang the final chorus. The first line was quiet, with Karl playing a riff on his keyboard before the rest of the instruments joined.

"Devil town is colder in the summertime, I'll lose my mi-"

Sapnap hit the cymbals before everything returned in full capacity.

"-nd at least another thousand times

Hold my hand tight, we'll make it another night-" Everyone stopped their instruments and Dream clapped a beat to his mic.

"I still get a little scared of something new-"

They continued as always.

"But i feel a little safer when I'm with you

Falling doesn't feel so bad when I know you've fallen this way too"

Another round of applause rang out, not louder than anyone else's. Which seemed like a good thing between performing in front of other artists, they all kind of clap at the same volume, since they know what it's like to have that imbalance between bands.

"Thank you." Dream smiled and bowed, adjusting his mask slightly, which reminded the paths that they had masks on too. (except Ranboo, he just has one on most of the time in public.) Dream's band followed their lead singer in a bow as well.

Tubbo let his hands fall to his lap, furrowing his brows in frustration. They've gotten better too, and now they showed that Quackity can sing as lead as well.

The paths were the embodiment of the dog in a room of fire, saying "this is fine".

“Thank you, ferals. Snowchester?”

By this time, Jack and Charlie had made it to the stadium, just in time to hear the disclaimer.

“Yup.” They went on stage as the Feral Boys came back down.

“Good luck.” Dream smiled at Charlie and Jack.

“Thanks.” Charlie replied quickly, before stationing himself in front of the mic with a guitar. While Jack was at the keyboard, also with a mic. They were both going to sing, Tubbo guessed.

They adjusted their instruments until it was right, and Charlie pressed a pedal for his guitar as he leaned slightly closer to his mic. Jack turned his keyboard into a beats setting

“Whenever you’re ready.”

“One two three and four!” Jack spoke softer than the other rhythm setters, but still loud enough for his voice to reach around the room.

Charlie began a simple picking pattern on his guitar, before speaking into the mic, Jack laying down a beat after one word.

“‘Cause I can't do shit right, I can't learn my lesson

I can't do shit right, take anti-depressants

Illness and welfare robbed my adolescence

My friends probably hate me, can't answer a message

Filled with anxiety, always be hidin' me

Feelin' inadequate's always what's drivin' me

Not a role model, that's not what I strive to be

Can't go outside, I'm afraid they'd be findin' me

Paranoid 'bout my privacy, yeah
And they always askin' questions 'bout my face, can't relate
Fuckin' caught my own reflection, broke a mirror the other day
Got a lot of bad shit that I'm takin' to my grave
Got a fuckin' date with death, on house arrest 'til trial date
So I grab the red wine on rainy days and then I pour it
'Cause I'll age another fuckin' thousand days before I know it
Yeah, I spend 'em all inside, waste my time while I'm scrollin'
But I love when it rains 'cause I'm agoraphobic."

Then Jack turned to his mic, stopping the beat for a moment to just let Charlie play the pattern as the beat drop approached. Jack sung the last part.

"I'm not okay, I'm not okay

I'm not okay, I'm not okay

What's the point? I'm not okay

What's the point? I'm not okay " The music paused for a moment, before jack muttered into the mic,

"This shit is fuckin' difficult"

The auditorium clapped, while the PA system came back on. *"Thank you, next, we'll have..."*

Charlie and Jack came back down from the stage, wishing the next group good luck. They walked towards the paths.

"Charlie, I didn't know you can rap." Ranboo laughed softly.

"And you can sing." Tommy hit Jack's arm jokingly.

"Hey, I didn't need to tell my competitors *everything*." Jack joked back.

Online to Offline pt 2

Chapter Summary

As the bands preform in front of cameras before the paths, members of Divergent Paths feel the pit of anxiety grow.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

After the rehearsal, that exact night, much to Tommy and Tubbo's jetlagged displeasure, was the recording of the first episode. They sat backstage a few minutes before everything started. There were five bands in the show, Divergent Paths, the Feral Boys, Pink on White, Snowchester and a band called the Eggpire. The paths weren't going to lie, even catching their leader's eyes sent a shiver down their spin. Badboyhalo, or Bad, was the most feared person in the room. They were a cover band as well, and they have gathered over 5 million subscribers in the short time they were online, which was about two years. The group of six were formidable in the side of YouTube that did covers. Bad was a great singer, and so was Hannah, Ant (or Antfrost) played the guitar like it was what he had done since he shot out of the womb, Punz had a great connection with drums, hitting the right place at the right time, always. Skeppy, Bad's boyfriend, could probably go from one note to another on his bass faster than... literally anyone. And Ponk just had an amazing reflex with the keyboard.

Yeah, the paths were not going to be in their way, especially not after only being 4 months into this community.

With two lead singers, and instrumentals that were better than most, they had a huge advantage over everyone.

"Um," Bad spoke up under his black mask (which seemed like a pattern now, there were a lot of maskers in this room, since Ant had a full on furry head, which everyone found fascinating on how one wouldn't overheat in), which startled a lot of people. "I wanted to say good luck."

Well, Bad wasn't *that* scary. "Good luck to you guys too." Dream spoke first.

Niki and Puffy spoke next, almost in sync. "Good luck!"

Tubbo spoke on the behalf of his band. "Good luck!"

Charlie spoke for himself and Jack. “Good luck.”

“Okay you guys.” Someone with a clipboard walked in, voice monotone. And the clipboard was familiar, if some of the people in the room had to say. Along with light clicks of a pen that felt way too close to what they had heard every-

“... is that- Mr. Blade?!”

“Hullo.”

“What are you doing here?!” Dream wheezed.

“Wilbur’s my adoptive brother, unfortunately. So I have to help out.”

“Wilbur?!” The paths, Feral Boys and Pink on White shrieked at once.

“Oh god- *Wilbur is here ?!*” Tubbo panicked slightly.

“... Yeah, he was on the PA this morning. He’s running the show, and one of the judges, and the *only* judge today.”

Tommy turned to Tubbo, “That’s why...”

“Does that voice sound familiar to you, or is that just me?” Tubbo paused at the voice over the PA, which had an accent to it, an English accent.

“Yeah, a little.” Tommy paused as well, “Eh, lots of brits have that accent.”

“Yup.” Tubbo blinked.

“Good luck you guys, first up is Eggpire, so we’re going to just get you guys to be ready as fast as

possible, the emcee is already starting.

“Thank you mr. Blade!” Bad followed the others’ leads in calling the pink haired man the title.

“Oh and, since we’re out of school, my name is Technoblade, just call me Techno.”

The teacher’s students all smiled, “Okay!”

“Okay,” Techno gave a small smile, “Eggpire, you have 10.”

“Okay!” Bad stood up, and his bandmates followed. “Are you guys ready?”

“Well don’t we *have* to be ready?” Hannah laughed lightly.

“Okay then, let’s go.”

They made their way down to the wings of the stage, listening to the emcee announce the judges, Bad, nor his bandmates could hear who they were, but whoever it was, it would be fine as long as they had a professional point of view.

“Ten seconds, get yourselves ready.” One of the staff that were beside us informed, tapping their pen on the side of their thigh.

They waited ten seconds.

“Okay, up you six go.” The staff shuffled them up into the stage, and a wave of cheers went over the crowd.

“Oh- thank you.” Bad thanked as he was given a mic. “Hi.” He nodded towards the judges, following the timeline that they were given.

“Hello!” A british voice, Wilbur’s voice took over the stadium speakers. “Will you guys introduce yourselves?”

“Yes of course,” Bad nodded, “Hello! I’m Bad, and we’re the Eggpire!” He passed the mic down.

“I’m Hannah Rose.”

“I’m Ant, or Antfrost.”

“I’m Punz.”

“I’m Ponk.”

“I’m Skeppy.”

The mic made it’s way back to Bad. “Thank you, Eggpire, so.” Wilbur spoke again. “Will you guys give a little background to the band?”

“Yes of course, we’re all highschoolers, and our band was formed after we found an egg in our fields and the staff at our school appointed us to take care of the egg, which is where our band’s name comes from. Taking care of the egg, it let us six spend a lot of time to get to know each other, and that helped us learn our talents in music, so we formed a band.”

“That is a very interesting story, Bad. Thank you for sharing.” Wilbur smiled, “Now, will you introduce us to the song that you will be singing?”

“Ah yes,” Bad nodded, “We will be singing Way Less Sad by AJR.”

“Whenever you’re ready.” Wilbur smiled, gesturing to the instruments behind the band.

“Thank you.” Bad nodded in a shallow bow before taking a place in front of a mic, beside Hannah and Skeppy. Hannah also had a mic of her own, being a lead singer, after all. There were a multitude of pedals that went with each instrument that went and distorted the sound of the

instruments.

Ponk looked back towards Punz, who was on drums. The blond nodded, and clicked his drumsticks together. *“One two three and four!”*

The song started with some rhythmic “hey”s that were chanted. Hannah took over that role, stepping on a pedal that would soften her voice. After they were done with that section, Bad sang into the mic, his voice throwing a somewhat powerful, yet smooth wave over the audience.

“I should move 'cause New York is gettin' muddy out

There's L.A. but it's always kinda sunny out

And I don't wanna hurt no more

So I set my bar real low”

“I'm a-okay, I'm a-okay”

Hannah grasped onto the pole of her mic to sing a reply.

“You say it but you just don't mean it”

“You're so insane, you're so insane”

“Shut up and just enjoy this feelin'!” Hannah finished, before the others laid off the singing with the occasional note from the pianist.

“ Don't you love it, don't you love it?”

“No, I ain't happy yet

But I'm way less sad” Bad sang in reply.

“Don't you love it, don't you love it?”

“No, I ain't happy yet

But I'm way less sad"

"Hey-hey-hey, hey-hey-hey, hey-hey-hey!" Hannah chanted, the crowd joining in.

"But I'm way less sad" Bad and Hannah sang together.

"Hey-hey-hey, hey-hey-hey, hey-hey-hey!"

"But I'm way less sad"

"I wake up and I'm not so mad at Twitter now

Livin' sucks but it's suckin' just a little now

And I don't wanna cry no more

So I set my bar real low" Bad leaned into the mic.

"I'm a-okay, I'm a-okay"

"You say it but you just don't mean it" Hannah seemed to put actual disagreement into her singing, completely in character.

"You're so insane, you're so insane"

"Shut up and just enjoy this feelin'"

" Don't you love it, don't you love it?"

"No, I ain't happy yet

But I'm way less sad" Bad sang in reply.

"Don't you love it, don't you love it?"

“No, I ain't happy yet-”

“Happy yet” Hannah sang in echo.

“But I'm way less sad

I may wrong, I may be wrong”

“It's stupid but it's all I have” Hannah hit the high note effortlessly.

“Don't you love it, don't you love it?”

“No, I ain't happy yet

But I'm way less sad”

Hannah got to sang the next half a verse, the instrumentals all quieting down.

“Well, I can't fall asleep and I'm losin' my mind

'Cause it's half-past three and my brain's on fire

I've been countin' sheep but the sheep all died

And I'm tryin' too hard but I can't not try

“Well, I can't fall asleep and I'm losin' my mind

'Cause it's half-past three and my brain's on fire-”

“-brains on fire~”

“I've been countin' sheep but the sheep all died

And I'm not dead yet, so I guess I'll be alright”

At this point, the audience was clapping along with the beat, and the instrumentals came back alive.

“Don't you love it, don't you love it?”

“No, I ain't happy yet-”

“-Happy yet”

“But I'm way less sad”

“Don't you love it, don't you love it?”

“No, I ain't happy yet

But I'm way less sad”

“I may be wrong” Bad sang.

“I may be wrong” Hannah echoed.

“I may be wrong”

“I may be wrong”

“It's stupid but it's all I have.” Bad put a certain emotion into that line.

“Don't you love it, don't you love it?”

“No, I ain't happy yet

But I'm way less sad”

An instrumental bit played out for a while, before Hannah leaned in to finish the song.

“Da-da-da, da-da-da, da-da-da”

The audience waved over in claps, cheers, and appreciation.

“Thank you!” Wilbur spoke into the mic again, “For a wonderful opening performance! How do you guys feel about that performance?”

Hannah looked to Bad, who just smiled and gestured for her to speak. She smiled widely. “It’s exciting to perform live in front of so many people, it’s exhilarating.”

Bad nodded, “Yes, we’ve only performed in front of... 100 people, at most.” He passed the mic beside him to his boyfriend, Skeppy accepted it with a nod.

“I can barely see anyone from here, so I mean it wasn’t too much pressure, but that was definitely stressing.” He passed the mic behind him to Punz.

“Hm, I think that we all did a good job, and thank you guys, the audience, for joining in, it was a lot of fun.” He passed the mic to the guitarist.

Ant took it, and shoved it in his mask’s mouth (since it was a full on furry head, which was pretty cool). “Uh... thank you! Performing in front of a crowd like this one is a dream come true!”

Dream sneezed from backstage.

Ant passed his mic to Ponk, who took it, gladly. “Thank you guys for the support, and I’m just really happy, proud, and just glad to be able to perform here with my band!”

“Thank you, you six. Your performance was amazing, and I’m glad to have you guys on the show! This episode will have no eliminations, so I would like to say thank you, again, and we’ll have you guys go back backstage.”

“Thank you!” Bad bowed, and his bandmates followed, the crowd cheering as they went.



“Feral Boys.” Techno stared into the group’s souls, being the terrifying music teacher that he is.

“Okay team.” Dream sighed, adjusting his mask and turing to his band. “Let’s do this!”

Tubbo and his bandmates shuffled closer to the wall for support. This was more terrifying than they ever thought it would be.



“Hello!” Dream greeted the crowd and the sole judge. “We are-”

“-The Feral Boys!” They all spoke together.

“Hello Ferals,” Wilbur smiled into the mic. “We meet again.”

“Hello Mr. Soot.” Dream smiled, greeting the man.

“For people who don’t know you three, go ahead and introduce yourselves.”

“I’m Dream, the lead singer.” He passed the mic down.

“I’m George, backup singer and bass!”

“I’m Quackity, backup and bas- well guitar, tonight.” Quackity held up an acoustic guitar.

“Sapnap, drums.”

“I’m Karl, and I play the keyboard!”

Wilbur nodded, “What songs will you guys be playing?”

Dream chuckled awkwardly, “This was chosen before I knew you were going to be the judge, but Losing face.”

“Well!” Wilbur seemed delighted, “Go on, I’m excited to hear.”

“Thank you.” Dream smiled, “Sap?”

“ONE TWO THREE FOUR!”

Quackity started the guitar, and a clap of rhythm started within the crowd.

What a popular band could do.

“Woo-wee!

Woo!” Dream cheered, before Sapnap came in with the drums.

The song was going to be heavily changed, Wilbur knew. But that doesn’t mean that it was going to be bad at all, he was excited to hear it.

Then George and Karl came in with bass and keyboard for a few beats, and Dream leaned into the mic further, the moment the blond opened his mouth, it returned to just guitar.

“First and foremost

Oh, let it be said, my dear

I was gonna wait for you” George and Quackity also sung the last three words, before all the instruments came back up.

“So this is not an act of spite

It's a visceral coming-to

She wrote an album

And that's something that I can't do

But what I can do is spit the truth

And it all” - it's just Sapnap with the drums, now - “leads back to you.”

The instruments all came back.

“Secondly, I know I haven't written much

You know the way I can be

Tonight, I'm fucking drunk

So it's all gonna be about me”

“Take a seat, pull up a chair

Give me one beat to fill my glass

I've lost a piece of me in you

But you've lost all your past”

Karl left the instrumental, leaving the two string instruments and drums for a moment, before diving back in.

“Is he better than me?

Has he seen more to this life?

Can he smoke more?

Can he fuck more?

Are you good enough to be his wife?

Can he break me?

Can he break you?

Oh, I don't know what I'm to do

Yes, I don't know” - everything stops - “what I'll fuckin' do.” Dream sang, his voice rough.

And the instruments return

“I've seen our café, I've clocked our plans

Oh, what could have been

If you didn't go and fall in love

And ruin everything

I've seen him

I've been him

I've felt the same way

But now I break against the dirt

Along with our cafés”

“Is he better than me?

Has he seen more to this life?

Can he smoke more?

Can he fuck more?

Are you good enough to be his wife?

Can he break me?

Can he break you?

Well, I don't know what I'm to do

Yes, I don't know what I'll fuckin' do”

“I've lost all meaning

I've lost my sense of hope

I've seen him going out with you

I've seen what he can do”

George stepped on a pedal, and his bass was boosted, Sapnap also hit his drums harder.

Dream responded by adding more emotion and power to his voice.

“So touch him

And break me

Strip naked

Embrace him

Lose faith in

His pace, his

Stamina and grace

I'm losing face”

Dream took a long breath.

“I'm losing face

I'm losing~”

Everything stopped to just Quackity again.

“I don't care, I want you here

As long as you're happy, I don't care.”

Quackity finished off with a riff.

Clapps thundered within the stadium.

“That was amazing, thank you guys so much. I’ve never seen my song covered that way before.” Wilbur laughed softly into the mic. “And hearing an American accent with this song is new, but definitely welcomed. I’ve said too much, how do you guys feel about this performance?” He waved towards the band.

Dream turned behind him, where the bandmates all chatted for a while.

“Okay, so my band decided that I just speak, and we would like to say thank you all for listening and cheering us on! This was a great experience and we just want to say that we love you all! That performance is one that we will remember forever!” Dream bowed with his band. “Thank you New York!”



Everything was getting closer and closer to the paths having to go up and perform, and none of them were ready.

Chapter End Notes

IM BACK I SWEAR I WILL PUMP THESE CHAPTERS OUT FASTER OKAY
THANK YOU BYE

PLEASE HYDRATE, EAT AND SLEEP!

Online to Offline pt 3

Chapter Summary

Divergent Paths finally made it to the stage.

And it went better than they ever hoped.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Pink on White.” Techno came into the room again. “You’re up.”

Ah shit we're last.

“Got it, thank you.” Puffy smiled, before turning to Niki. “My fair lady, ready to show who’s the gayest of them all?”

“It’s literally us.” Dream commented from behind.

“Shut it at least I’m showing it by singing girl in red.” Puffy stuck her tongue out at the masked man and his giggling boyfriend. Niki took her hand with a laugh.

“Damn, I thought you two listened to Sweater Weather.” Dream shrugged.

The two girls paused. "We do, now shut it." They headed to the door. "Bye bye!"

“Bye.” Dream rolled his eyes.



“Hello!” Puffy greeted, her hand still linked with Niki’s.

“Hello, another band I’ve heard live.” Wilbur laughed softly, “Pink on White, correct?”

“Yes, My name is Puffy, I’m the keyboardist.”

“And I’m Niki, the Ukulele, or in today’s case, the guitarist.”

“And we’re both singing today.” Puffy finished.

“Alright, would you guys introduce what you’re singing today?”

“Yes, of course.” Puffy nodded, “We will be singing Dead Girl in the Pool by Girl in Red, before anyone asks, we listen to Sweater Weather, but we’re singing Girl in Red. Don’t ask.”

Wilbur laughed at the codewords. “Well, take your places on the stage. I look forward to hearing the song.”

Niki started by hitting her wrist softly on the wood. “*One two three and four!*” She hit a few beats on the guitar with her wrist, while Puffy played some chords on the pian before both Puffy and her started to sing.

“Empty bottles everywhere

People sleeping on the stairs

Got something stuck in my hair

No idea how it got there”

Niki started playing a picking progression on the guitar.

“This is the morning after

The house is such a disaster

But there's someone outside, that caught my eye”

Both Niki and Puffy stepped on a pedal that would make their instruments less soft, and leaned

closer to the mic. Niki sung the higher harmony.

“There's a dead girl in the pool

There's a dead girl in the pool

There's a dead girl in the pool

I don't know what to do

I'm the dead girl in the pool

I'm the dead girl in the pool

I'm the dead girl in the pool”

They stepped on the pedal again and the effect canceled out, Niki just drumming her wrist over the guitar again.

“I can't stop staring at my face

My summer tan has begun to fade

Is this real or is this fake?

A creepy dream I can't escape”

Niki started strumming the pattern again.

“This is the morning after

My mind is such a disaster

But there's someone outside, that caught my eye”

The pedals were hit, Niki moved up to the higher harmony.

“There's a dead girl in the pool

There's a dead girl in the pool

There's a dead girl in the pool

I don't know what to do

I'm the dead girl in the pool

I'm the dead girl in the pool

I'm the dead girl in the pool”

They moved away from the mics to play the instrumentals, the sound of Puffy’s keyboard combining perfectly with Niki’s guitar.

“I'm the dead girl in the pool

What the fuck is going on?

I'm the dead girl on the pool

Woah”

They canceled out the pedal’s effects by stepping on it again.

“This is the morning after

My mind is such a disaster

But there's someone outside, that caught my eye”

The effects were brought back, and they stopped the instruments for a second.

“ONE TWO THREE FOUR!

There's a dead girl in the pool

There's a dead girl in the pool

There's a dead girl in the pool

I'm the dead girl in the pool

I'm the dead girl in the pool

I'm the dead girl in the pool”

Playing out the little bit of instrumental bit they had left, the crowd bursted into cheers and claps. Puffy and Niki joined hands and bowed, Niki lifting a mic to her lips. “Thank you New York.” She smiled sweetly.

“Well, amazing job as always, you two.” Wilbur spoke softly. “You guys have great voices and that is way different from any of the bands here and that could be an advantage for you two.”

“Thank you.” Puffy nodded.

“Your song choice was great, and... yeah no what did you guys think of your performance?”

Niki looked to Puffy, who shrugged and pressed the mic closer to Niki. “I personally am just...” Niki laughed softly, “astonished that I can perform here. It’s been a long journey from just being on YouToob, and then getting our covers onto Spootify, everything is just- insane. Thank you guys so much.”



“Okay, suck it the fuck up.” Tommy suddenly shouted, not loud enough to hear onstage or anything, but enough to make the music teacher in the halls jump, along with the Ferals and the Eggpire. He stood up, putting his mask on, his group members followed the action of the mask putting on. “All four of us need to suck it up.” He glared at the boys who still sat on the floor. “We’re going out on that fucking stage soon, Niki and Puffy are done. We have less than ten to gather ourselves and I’m-” Tommy paused to take a breath. “I’m not allowing us to just swallow in our anxiety. Am I anxious? Hell yeah I am but we’re not having this, these two groups,” He gestured to the Ferals and Eggpire. “They’ve gone up, and they’ve survived. And in the nicest way possible, if these bitches can do it, *we can do it*.”

Tubbo paused, before bursting into laughter, “Tommy, Tommy,” He spoke through the giggles, “You’re psyching yourself out.”

“We’re going to be *fine*.” Ranboo comforted the bold. “We’ll all do fine.”

Purpled looked over to the other two bands. “And we need to have confidence,” He looked back at his band. “To be able to beat them.”

“We’re literally right here.” Skeppy commented while Sapnap scoffed jokingly.

“Shut up, let us have a nice group moment.” Purpled rolled his eyes.

“Whatever,” Sapnap laughed, “Have your moment.”

The four boys stared at Sapnap and Skeppy for a moment, before Techno came in. “Divergent Paths.”

Tommy smiled, “Coming!” He turned back to his group members. “Let’s do this.”

♪ ♪.111111f●f●f11111. ♪ ♪

@DivergentPathsOfficial

Fuck. We’re probably gonna embarrass ourselves.

- Paths A, with B, C and D’s permission.

[one attachment]

--- **@User1**

@OnlineToOffline CONFIRM THIS???

--- **@TheFeralBoysOfficial**

We already did. I think I pissed myself out there

- Dream

--- **@DivergentPathsOfficial**

Oh how fun :’D - Path C

--- **@PinkOnWhiteOfficial**

Good luck! It’s not *that* bad. - Niki

--- **@EggpireOfficial**

It was *that* bad. - Ant

--- **@User2**

HUH???? FERALS, PINK ON WHITE AND EGGPIRE??? THE FUCK?

--- **@User3**

Oh this season is going to be *good* .



(A - Tubbo

B - Purpled

C - Ranboo

D - Tommy)

“Hello!” Tubbo spoke into the mic, waving to both the crowd of people and Wilbur, the stadium lights burning his eyes.

“Would you guys like to introduce ourselves, Paths?”

“Yes, of course, we are Divergent Paths!” Tubbo spoke on the behalf of his bandmates. “I’m Path A! Lead singer and keyboardist.”

“Hello, I’m Path B, I’m guitarist and I sometimes sing.”

“Hi, I’m Path C, guitar and I also sing sometimes.”

“And I’m Path D, Drums, and I sing.”

“-Sometimes.-”

“-Fine, sometimes.”

Tubbo stopped the bickering, “But we’ll all be singing today.”

“And what will you guys be singing today?” Wilbur asked.

“Brutal by Olivia Rodrigo.”

“Whenever you guys are ready.” Wilbur placed his mic down.

“Okay,” Tubbo adjusted his mask and mic. “Whenever *you’re* ready, D.”

“Why was that so passive- oh this mic is on.” He paused. “Sorry- okay no- *ONE TWO THREE AND FOUR!*”

Tubbo turned his keyboard down to mimic the sound of a violin, playing the intro out, before he clicked the off button for a second to completely cut off the sound. “I want it to be like... Messy.” He spoke into the mic, before Ranboo and Purpled hit it with the guitar and bass.

Tubbo grabbed onto the pole of the mic as Ranboo stopped his bass, just the trums of Purpled’s guitar left.

“I’m so insecure, I think

That I’ll die before I drink”

Ranboo followed with his line.

“And I’m so caught up in the news

Of who likes me and who hates you”

Tommy moved slightly closer to the mic over the electric drum set.

“And I’m so tired that I might

Quit my job, start a new life”

Purpled finished it off.

“And they’d all be so disappointed

’Cause who am I, if not exploited?”

Everyone except for Tommy sung the next line (since Tommy was in fact not seventeen yet), while the blond started the drum beat.

“And I'm so sick of 17

Where's my fucking teenage dream?

If someone tells me one more time

"Enjoy your youth, " I'm gonna cry”

Tommy got to sing a line, though.

“And I don't stick up for myself

I'm anxious and nothing can help

And I wish I'd done this before

And I wish people liked me more”

Ranboo started his bass again, and Tubbo stepped on a pedal that made his voice sound distorted, and sort of dry, in a way?

“All I did was try my best

This the kind of thanks I get?

Unrelentlessly upset”

The three sung the backup.

“(ah, ah, ah)”

Well, before it turned back to just Tubbo.

“They say these are the golden years

But I wish I could disappear

Ego crush is so severe

God,” Everything stopped. *“it's brutal out here”*

Ranboo started with the next line, while only Purpled and Tommy played their instruments.

“I feel like no one wants me

And I hate the way I'm perceived"

Purpled added with the next line. Having a personal connection to it.

*"I only have **three** real friends*

And lately, I'm a nervous wreck"

Tommy spoke with the next line, before Tubbo spoke the next, and Tommy again, the patter continued.

"'Cause I love people I don't like"

"And I hate every song I write"

"And I'm not cool and I'm not smart"

"And I can't even parallel park"

"What?!" Purpled exclaimed at Tommy's line, which was planned.

Tubbo took a grasp of the mic, leaning slightly over it as Ranboo started the bass again.

"All I did was try my best

This the kind of thanks I get?

Unrelentlessly upset"

"(ah, ah, ah)"

"They say these are the golden years

But I wish I could disappear

Ego crush is so severe

God," Tubbo looked up to the audience, and they cheered loudly. *"it's brutal out here"*

Ranboo returned with the bass, and Tubbo swung the mic over to beside his keyboard and laid a hand on the instrument, leaning slightly towards the mic as Ranboo stopped, playing a chord on the piano-like instrument.

“Got a broken ego, broken heart” He sang softly.

“And God, I don't even know where to start”

The crowd's cheer attacked their sense of hearing, and Tubbo squinted against the stadium lights.

Yeah, this was nice.

Chapter End Notes

yO WAIT SOME PEOPLE THOUGHT IT ENDED AT 13???? RIGHT NOW IDEK
HOW MANY CHAPTERS OF THIS I'LL PUMP OUT, AND Y'ALL THINK *13*?!
NO FUCKING WAY

anyways, song suggestions for each band please, please specify each band.

thank you! Get some sleep, drink something, eat, and take a break!

<3

Not a chapter, but still important :')

Chapter Summary

Fuck

I forgot Jack and Charlie last chapter.

Ignore that, please.

Just pretend like they were there XD

Online to Offline pt 4

Chapter Summary

On Top of the World - Snowchester

Teenagers - Divergent Paths

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

--- @DivergentPathsOfficial

I think I almost pissed myself. - Path D

--- @TheFeralBoysOfficial

I did too, dw about it - Dream

--- @User 6

Why is D and Dream talking about pissing themselves onstage the best thing that I have ever seen?

--- @PinkOnWhiteOfficial

Guys, these two bands are a constant reminder of why I'm dating a girl. - Puffy

--- @EggpireOfficial

And a reminder of why I'm not dating. - Hannah

--- @User1

LMFAO GET FUCKING ROASTED

--- @User2

Agreed, Hannah, Puffy, agreed.

--- @User3

Wise words, men are kinda gross ngl

--- @User4

And thus, men, we have no chance.

--- @User5

Pft- good. Back off of the ladies.

--- @User6

Anyone else want to know the paths' names and their faces? I'm genuinely curious.

--- @User7

Don't blame ya, cause I do :(

--- @User8

#facerevealforthepaths

[illegible]

“wHOAAA” Tommy felt like a kid in a candy store. “THIS ROOM IS *HUGE*.”

“I mean, we’re all sharing it.” Ranboo deadpanned, sitting on one of the somehow four beds that they fit into the room.

“That is a shame.” Tommy joked.

“Shut up.” Ranboo flicked Tommy’s head.

“I’m going to pass out, it’s too late for you two’s bullshit.” Purpled flopped onto one of the beds.

“I should be the one saying that, jet lag hits like a *bitch* .” Tubbo sighed, pushing in his luggage that he left at the front desk this morning, since he was in such a rush to get into the stadium.

“What are we singing tomorrow?” Tommy looked up to the ceiling, now laid on his back on a bed.

“...” Tubbo paused to think, “Oh right, teenagers.”

“What.” Ranboo looked to Tubbo with a confused look.

“Teenagers by My Chemical Romance.” Tubbo explained further.

“Oh...” Tommy nodded. “Oh good lord good luck Tubbo.”

“Why did we even put that song on this list?” Purpled looked to Tubbo, “It’s so hard.”

Tubbo thought for a moment, why *did* he put it on the list? “For the memes. And it’s also a popular song so a lot of people would know it-”

“Oh fun~” Tommy rolled over.

“By the way, I meant to talk about this,” Purpled sat up. “We’re probably going to get eliminated first, the voting... method is practically a popularity contest. I went to the staffs that were planning the votes, and so...” Purpled paused to recollect what he heard. “There’s going to be three parties that can vote. The general viewers, the media, and the judges. The judges’ votes are worth 100 votes. The media is worth 10, and there’s gonna be a shit ton of managers, producers, everything, they’re all going to be up there. And the public is going to be worth 1.” Purpled sighed, “And there’s going to be like- 1000 of them live, and 5000 of them *online* , also live.”

“Oh fuck.” Tubbo sat on the only bed that didn’t have a fucking human on it, “We have the least subs.”

“We’re fucked~” Purpled sighed. “Hopefully the media or the judges pull their weight.”

“Don’t we all hope?” Tommy laughed softly.

“We all hope for something different.” Ranboo spoke, his voice soft.

“Well, I hope for the band to stay together for as long as I can sing and play the damn keyboard.” Tubbo was half asleep, but still spoke what he truly believed.

“That’s sweet.” Purpled commented, his voice barely there.

“Let’s just face one challenge at a time.” Ranboo suggested, “Get through this contest, and then we can worry about the rest of our careers-...” He sighed as he realized that no one was responsive anymore, all passed out. “Good night, paths.”



“And today, is the first day where the judges will be out in the stadium!” The emcee announced happily, while the bands sat in the wings, anxious out of their minds. Pink on White, Eggpire and the Feral Boys sat on the left, while Divergent Paths and Snowchester sat on the right. “We’ll get started, now! First, we have... Wilbur Soot!”

Wilbur walked up, smiled and bowed, before taking a seat by the fancy desk in front of the stage.

“Next,” The emcee came back, “Is Mr. JSchlatt!”

Schlatt went onstage, flashed his classic smile before sitting down beside Wilbur.

“Last, but not least, Eret.”

Eret walked on, waved at the crowd, before sitting down beside Schlatt.

It was a strange trio.

But it worked, Wilbur was a producer and a songwriter with some music of his own, Schlatt was a well known manager who did his job right, and Eret was a singer who was so oh popular with the young people.

Wilbur would assess how well each band could work with different songs, almost like a mentor. Schlatt would assess their talents, and how well they would do in the real world. While Eret can assess their skills.

So, they made up a pretty good judging table.

“Well, give a big round of applause to the three judges!”

A roaring thunder of claps and cheers washed over the stage.

“Well, shall we just get right into it?” The emcee asked the judges, who all gave their variation of a confirmation.

Eret with a polite “Yes,”

Wilbur with just a nod,

And Schlatt with a “Let’s do it.”

“Choose from the five bands competing, judges.”

“Well, since we have a new judge, I suppose we give them the right to choose?” Wilbur suggested.
“Schlatt before you say anything, you were here two seasons ago.”

“Indeed I was.”

“Eret, choose.” Wilbur insisted before the singer could even speak.

“Alright then...” Their eyes scanned a piece of paper, “I’ve heard of three of these bands, so I guess I’ll choose someone new.” She decided. “Snowchester.”

“Snowchester it is.” Wilbur leaned back in his chair.

“Well, this could be interesting,” Schlatt commented, “I’ve heard from them two times before, both covers.”

“Well, Schlatt, they’re all cover bands, only two have original songs.” Wilbur explained.



“Alright,” A staff spoke, “Introduce yourselves.”

Charlie and Jack looked from the staff off camera to each other. “Uh...” Charlie spoke first, “Hi, I’m Charlie Slimecicle.”

“I’m Jack Manifold.”

“We’re Snowchester.” Charlie smiled slightly.

“Can we get to know you two... better?”

“Oh yes, of course, we’re two friends who are in a band together.” Jack explained plainly.

“We met on the internet- on reddit, actually, music forum, and we have been working together on covers on YouToob ever since.” Charlie added.

“But we have school most of the time, so whatever time we did have to work on music, it’s in the dead of night... so that got annoying for parents.”

“*Fast.*” Charlie laughed.

“What are your roles in the band?”

“I play guitar,” Charlie pointed to himself, “and he plays keyboard.” He moved to point to Jack. “We both sing.”

“What song will you guys be performing today?”

“On Top of the World, Imagine Dragons.” Jack announced.

“Anything else you want to say?”

Charlie looked to Jack, who shrugged. “Thank you for the opportunity?”

The other laughed and nodded, “Thank you.”



As the video was played, the stage darkened enough so the people on stage could still see, but the audience could not see them. Snowchester got busy setting up, and they finished the setup quickly, Charlie with his electric guitar, and Jack with his keyboard. When the lights turned back on, Jack was ready to lay the beat that started the song.

“Ready?” Jack looked to the other.

“Ready.”

“ *One two three four!*” Jack started the beat from the keyboard.

Charlie added the soft melody of a guitar, and Jack leaned into the mic,

“If you love somebody

Better tell them while they're here

'cause they just may run away from you”

Charlie followed quite closely with the beat, singing next.

“You'll never know quite when, well

Then again it just depends on

How long of time is left for you”

Jack continued, moving to another section of the keyboard for a different beat.

"I've had the highest mountains

I've had the deepest rivers

You can have it all but life keeps moving"

Charlie sang the last line before the chorus.

"I take it in but don't look down"

They both sang the chorus, harmonizing where it would sound good.

"'Cause I'm on top of the world

I'm on top of the world

Waiting on this for a while now

Paying my dues to the dirt

I've been waiting to smile

Been holding it in for a while

Take you with me if I can

Been dreaming of this since a child

I'm on top of the world"

Charlie started the verse, his guitar now on a loop that he could turn on and off, and swung to his side from the strap.

"I've tried to cut these corners

Try to take the easy way out

I kept on falling short of something"

Jack had his beat on a loop, too, and grabbed his mic off its stand as he joined his friend's side.

"I coulda gave up then

but then again I couldn't have

'cause I've traveled all this way for something"

Charlie spoke the next lines instead of singing it.

"I take it in but don't look down"

The loops were recorded, and with a press of a button, the chorus' instrumental played.

"'Cause I'm on top of the world

I'm on top of the world

Waiting on this for a while now

Paying my dues to the dirt

I've been waiting to smile

Been holding it in for a while

Take you with me if I can

Been dreaming of this since a child"

Charlie sang while Jack spoke.

"I'm on top of the world"

"EVERYBODY!"

Of course, the crowd joined them in the iconic song.

"'Cause I'm on top of the world

I'm on top of the world

Waiting on this for a while now

Paying my dues to the dirt

I've been waiting to smile

Been holding it in for a while

Take you with me if I can

Been dreaming of this since a child

I'm on top of the world!"

There were a section of 'whoa's and 'oh's, and after the crowd of more than a thousand catching the rhythm quickly with the lead of Charlie, Jack sang the next part, while the crowd's voice continued in the background, now with a rhythmic clap.

"And I know it's hard when you're falling down

And it's a long way up when you hit the ground

Get up now, get up, get up now"

Charlie continued,

"And I know it's hard when you're falling down

And it's a long way up when you hit the ground

Get up now, get up, get up now"

Charlie paused all the instrumentals before he sung a chorus before the final one. It was peaceful, and free of any other noise except for the rhythmic claps of the audience.

"'Cause I'm on top of the world

I'm on top of the world

Waiting on this for a while now

Paying my dues to the dirt

I've been waiting to smile

Been holding it in for a while

Take you with me if I can

Been dreaming of this since a child"

The instrumentals came back as Jack sung the main chorus and Charlie sang the background.

"'Cause I'm on top of the world

[And I know it's hard when you're falling down]

I'm on top of the world

[And it's a long way up when you hit the ground]

Waiting on this for a while now

[Get up now, get up, get up now]

Paying my dues to the dirt

[And I know it's hard when you're falling down]

I've been waiting to smile

[And it's a long way up when you hit the ground]

Been holding it in for a while

[Get up now, get up, get up now]

Take you with me if I can

[Get up now, get up, get up now]

Been dreaming of this since a child

[Get up now, get up, get up now]

They sang one last line together.

"I'm on top of the world!"

While the audience clapped, Charlie and Jack could hear the people from backstage.

"YOU'RE POPPING OFF!" from Karl,

"YOOOOO BIG J!" from Tommy,

"THAT WAS *POG* ." From Dream,

"LET'S GO!" from Puffy.

And many more positive comments. It was weird to have supportive competitors, they had to say. But it was more than welcomed.

"That was an amazing way to start the performances!" Eret commented first.

“I agree,” Schlatt spoke, not very emotionally, just blank with a smile.

“Charlie.” Wilbur spoke, nonchalantly. It scared the kid.

“Yes?” He spoke into the mic.

“Haven’t changed since I saw you perform at the contest. Energy is through the fucking roof.”

Charlie audibly sighed in relief, “Thank you, sir.”

“I like your voice, Jack.” Eret moved on after a second of near silence, “It’s soft... yet powerful, in a way. Charlie’s is also amazing. Charlie has a...” They paused to think of a term, “Your voice... Is strong like steel.”

Schlatt and Wilbur were both staring at Eret in slight confusion on where he was going with this.

“But soft like mushrooms.”

“Mushrooms-” Schlatt began to laugh.

“Wait- no wait no-” Eret laughed softly at their own ridiculousness, “I don’t know, just very nice voice-”

“Wow you have one of our judges speechless.” Schlatt joked, “Seriously though, very nice job with the guitar, Charlie, it’s a hard riff to get down.”

“Thank you, both.” Charlie spoke.

“Okay, and another comment for Jack, great projection, your voice just- you don’t need a mic, kid.” Wilbur laughed softly, “Your voice can suit a lot of genres, and I’ve heard you sing more than a few. On the day of rehearsals- sorry live viewers, but on the live rehearsal days, you guys

sang... Agoraphobic, and that was great. And I've seen you and your fucking- Charlie, your Pokemon song preformance is amazing."

Charlie wheezed, “Oh no-”

“Ah yes the pokemon,” Jack seemed unimpressed. “I have heard a lot about it.” He sighed, “Also, thank you Wilbur.”

“Of course.”

Eret picked up the mic again, “ *You* were the pokemon kid, I knew that face from somewhere, now I know where I know you from.”

“This is just embarrassing for the both of us.” Jack joked.

“Fuck off, Jack.” Charlie wheezed.

“I mean, singing the pokemon song isn’t easy. You’re already an internet legend, Charlie. It would be easy to get a job.” Schlatt rationed.

“Thank you sir.” Charlie spoke through the laughter.

“Well, we’ll have the vote, then.” The emcee suddenly spoke, “If you liked their performance, select green on the devices, the opposite, red.”

The vote went on, and the emcee announced that they would tell who won at the end.

“Alright, introduce yourselves.”

“Hi, we’re Divergent Paths.” Ranboo spoke for them.

“I’m Path A, Aka... A.”

“I’m B,”

“C”

“And I’m D.” The blond sighed through the red and white mask, “unfortunate letter, really.”

The entire band laughed at that.

“Can we get to know you guys better?”

“...” They all looked to Tubbo.

“Why me.” Tubbo groaned, “We went to the same school, since me and D was in an exchange program, I lived with C, D lived with B.” He stared at the staff for a moment, “Why are you asking us Mr. [REDACTED]- I MEAN MR. STAFF-”

The staff just sighed, “What are your roles in the band?”

“I play guitar,” Purpled started with himself, “A is keyboard, he used to mix for the channel but now we’re busy with thi- anyways B is, well, me- C is Bass, D is drums.”

“And we all sing.” Tommy added.

“What song will you guys be performing today?”

“Teenagers, MCR.” Ranboo spoke.

“Anything else you want to say?”

“o7, wish us luck.” Tommy stared down the camera through his sunglasses.

“Hah I’m about to piss my-” Tubbo begun,

The video cuts off.



Tommy sat at the drum kit, still the classic electric one that marked his existence, no one else really used an electric drum kit around here. He spun the stick idly. “Whenever, A.”

“Okay, go ahead!”

Tommy smiled, “*ONE TWO THREE AND FOUR!*”

The heavy guitar and bass was ready to play and Tubbo braced himself to sing, taking in a deep breath.

“They're gonna clean up your looks

With all the lies in the books

To make a citizen out of you

Because they sleep with a gun

And keep an eye on you, son

So they can watch all the things you do”

The audience started hyping them up at the first line Tubbo spoke, and the brunette took a hold of the mic and it’s stand. Ranboo stepped on a pedal to make the bass more noisy as Tommy joined in. The mask was hard to sing in, as always, but Tubbo was used to it.

“Because the drugs never work

They're gonna give you a smirk

'Cause they got methods of keeping you clean

They're gonna rip up your heads,

Your aspirations to shreds

Another cog in the murder machine”

There was a long, 5 second pause as Tubbo took the mic off it’s stand, and kicked the tall metal beam down, making a crashing sound, and the entire stadium sat dead quiet. Tubbo took another breath and pressed the mic closer to his mask, kicking the stand across the stage. Ranboo started the instrumental again at full volume.

“They said all teenagers scare the living shit out of me

They could care less as long as someone'll bleed

So darken your clothes or strike a violent pose

Maybe they'll leave you alone, but not me”

The instrumental calmed down a little, and Tubbo stepped forwards, seating himself on the edge of the stage.

“The boys and girls in the clique

The awful names that they stick

You're never gonna fit in much, kid” The small instrumental bit allowed him to dramatically scoff.

“But if you're troubled and hurt

What you got under your shirt

Will make them pay for the things that they did ” Tubbo climbed back onto stage and stared the judges dead in the eyes.

Eret averted her eyes, Schlatt just smirked, while Wilbur stared back.

“They said all teenagers scare the living shit out of me

They could care less as long as someone'll bleed

So darken your clothes or strike a violent pose

Maybe they'll leave you alone, but not me

Ohhh yeah!”

Ranboo got a quick riff in, and Tubbo continued, with only Tommy's drum and the audience's rhythmic claps. Ranboo and Purpled ended up singing with Tubbo, too.

"They said all teenagers scare the living shit out of me

They could care less as long as someone'll bleed

So darken your clothes or strike a violent pose

Maybe they'll leave you alone, but not me"

It returned to just Tubbo as the other two went back to their instruments.

"Teenagers scare the living shit out of me

They could care less as long as someone'll bleed

So darken your clothes or strike a violent pose

Maybe they'll leave you alone, but not me

Teenagers scare the living shit out of me

They could care less as long as someone'll bleed

So darken your clothes or strike a violent pose

Maybe they'll leave you alone, but not me!"

The audience erupted into claps, and Tubbo panted at the fact that the mask sort of constricted his ability to breathe, and the amount of energy he put into the performance. "I am so sorry about the mic stand-" He went back to the fallen pole, and picked it back up, earning laughs from the judges, the audience, even his bandmates.

"It's okay, it was cool." Schlatt approved, "Didn't expect this from... a tiny kid like you."

"My bandmates are just tall." Tubbo grumbled, balancing the metal again. "I'm not *that* tiny."

Tommy scoffed, "A, be honest with yourself."

Tubbo glared. “Shut it, lanky ass-”

“oKAY-” Ranboo stepped in.

“Well, I also have to say that I did not expect this song from you guys. I was expecting this kind of music from *a certain other band* -” (he means the Ferals), “-but you guys surprisingly did *super* well.” Wilbur clapped, “Well done.”

“Thank you.” Purpled spoke.

It went to Eret’s turn to speak and the singer paused. “I think we skipped a few episodes since last time I heard you guys- *what happened?!*”

Tubbo shrugged, “I mean, this is our first time trying a song like this...”

“Closest we’ve gotten up to this point was the ultimate showdown, but I don’t think that counted as like- rock?” Ranboo questioned himself.

“I don’t think that’s rock.” Schlatt commented.

After a few more comments about their performance, the audience voted, and they went backstage to the bands telling them they did a good job.

Chapter End Notes

SHHHHHH CHARLIE AND JACK ARE BACK

also this chapter is exactly 3500 words how what the shit

I need to sleep its 4:30-

Online to Offline pt 5

Chapter Summary

Pink on White, the Ferals and Eggpire perform...

And who will be eliminated this round?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Alright, introduce yourselves.”

Niki nodded, excited. “Hello! We are Pink on White!”

“The name comes from our hair colours,” Puffy explained, “I’m Puffy.”

“I’m Niki! You can also call me Nihachu.”

“Can we get to know you guys better?”

“Of course!” Puffy nodded, “we met at music class in school,” she shared a knowing smile with the staff, who laughed lightly. “And we started dating, not long after, we started the band! I play keyboard and sometimes sing.”

“I sing and do guitar and ukulele.” Niki followed suit.

“What song will you guys be performing today?”

“I hear a symphony.” Niki announced.

“Anything else you want to say?”

“... Please help, Dream and George won’t stop making fun of us for switching vibes in real life and in singing.”

“They’re not wrong though.”

“They really aren’t.” Puffy sighed. “That’s the worse part.”



The stage was dark, and the crowd was quiet in anticipation for Niki and Puffy. The two girls were onstage, Niki in front of a mic, and Puffy in front of a keyboard.

A spotlight shown onto Niki, the nervous pink haired girl shifting nervously with her hands fiddling with the mic stand.

After a few seconds of deep, controlled breaths, Niki begun to sing.

*“I used to hear a simple song
That was until you came along*

Now in its place is somethin' new

I hear it when I look at you” She sang in complete silence, before Puffy started the gentil piano, the melody taking over the stadium while a spotlight moved over to her. She played a little instrumental bit before Niki leaned closer to the mic again.

“With simple songs, I wanted more

Perfection is so quick to bore

You are my beautiful, by far

Our flaws are who we really are” Niki was practically singing directly to Puffy, and looked to her as she played the instrumental again.

Niki made her voice stronger while Puffy pressed harder on the keys.

“I used to hear a simple song

That was until you came along

You took my broken melody

And now, I hear a symphony

Oh~ ooo~”

The instrumental stopped,

“And now I hear,

a symphony.”

The song was quick and sweet, capturing many listener’s hearts. Some were even tearing up. Claps started in the crowd of a thousand or so, and a bright smile was captured on both Niki and Puffy.

“Thank you.” Niki spoke and they both bowed.

“That was absolutely beautiful.” Eret was the first to speak after the claps quieted.

“Agreed,” Schlatt spoke simply.

“I believe that you two can work with a multitude of songs, like last time I heard you sing-yesterday, and that song was a completely different genre.” Wilbur started a different topic, “And I think that that is an excellent skill to have in your future endeavors as musicians.”

“Thank you, all.” Niki smiled and nodded.

“Your voice, Niki, sorry Puffy I haven’t heard you sing yet, but Niki, your voice is amazing and the control you have over it is amazing.” Eret commented.

“Thanks.” She smiled once again.

“Oh yeah, Puffy,” Schlatt suddenly spoke, and Niki passed the mic to the girl. “I wanted to say that I’m really impressed with the piano portion that you have going on! That is a hard piece and I’m surprised you got it down, near perfect.”

“Thank you, sir.” Puffy smiled at the praise, and bowed slightly.

A few more comments later, the audience went on to vote, and after the voting period was over, the two girls bid the stadium farewell with a newfound excitement. The other bands, after they returned backstage, welcomed them with a plethora of congratulating words, and encouragement.



“Alright, introduce yourselves.”

Dream nodded, “We’re the Feral Boys, I’m Dream.” The masked man waved a little so the audience knew that it wasn’t just a random voice, and it was actually someone on screen, “I’m the lead singer.”

“I’m George, backup singer and bassist.”

“Quackity, backup, bass and guitar... sometimes.”

“Hi, I’m Karl, I play keyboard.”

“Sapnap, drums.”

“Can we get to know you guys better?”

“Hm... so we, minus George for most of it, were best friends from childhood, then George came out of nowhere in... when was it- December or January, I *kinda*- ”

“-not kinda,” Sapnap interrupted, “totally.”

“Fine, I *totally* fell in love with him and found out he played bass and he joined the band so Quackity can practice to play guitar, and George can take over bass.” Dream rolled his eyes.

"This that hot girl bummer anthem

Turn it up and throw a tantrum”

Karl turned his keyboard to a different, more electric mode while Sapnap started a beat.

“This that hot girl bummer anthem

Turn it up and throw a tantrum

This that throw up in your

Birkin bag Hook up with someone random

This that social awkward suicide

That buy your lips and buy your likes I swear she had a man

But shit hit different when it's Thursday night”

Both Quackity and George sang the pre-chorus with Dream,

“That college dropout music

Every day leg day, she be too thick

And my friends are all annoying

But we go dumb, yeah, we go stupid

This that 10K on the table

Just so we can be secluded

And the vodka came diluted

One more line, I'm superhuman”

Just before the second chorus came, Karl switched to a bell-like mode, while Dream leaned in closer to the mic.

“ “Fuck you, and you, and you

I hate your friends and they hate me too

I'm through, I'm through, I'm through

This that hot girl bummer anthem

Turn it up and throw a tantrum”

To everyone's surprise, and delight, Quackity decided to sing... well, or is it rap, the next part.

*“This that hot girl bummer two-step
They can't box me in, I'm too left
This that drip, it's more like oceans
They can't fit me in a Trojan
Out of pocket, but I'm always in my bag
Yeah, that's the slogan
This that, "Who's all there?"
I'm pullin' up wit' a emo chick that's broken”*

*“This that college dropout music
Every day leg day, she be too thick
And my friends are all annoying
But we go dumb, yeah, we go stupid
This that 10K on the table
Just so we can be secluded
And the vodka came diluted
One more line, I'm superhuman”*

*Dream took over the singing again,
“Fuck you, and you, and you
I hate your friends and they hate me too
I'm through, I'm through, I'm through
This that hot girl bummer anthem
Turn it up and throw a tantrum
Fuck you, and you, and you
I hate your friends and they hate me too
Fuck you, and you, and you
This that hot girl bummer anthem
Turn it up and throw a tantrum”*

The instrumental went quiet and was left with Quackity, who was playing acoustic guitar this time, and George for backup vocals.

“This that college dropout music

Every day leg day, she be too thick

And my friends are all annoying

But we go dumb, yeah, we go stupid

We go stupid, we go stupid, we go-”

Quackity took over again with a spoken line.

“If you want me to change, fuck you!”

The instrumental came back while Dream sang the chorus again.

“Fuck you, and you, and you

I hate your friends and they hate me too

I'm through, I'm through, I'm through

This that hot girl bummer anthem

Turn it up and throw a tantrum

Fuck you, and you, and you

I hate your friends and they hate me too

Fuck you, and you, and you

This that hot girl bummer anthem

Turn it up and throw a tantrum”

The song ended and the audience clapped and cheered as always, the five boys smiled at the new experience. Once the claps quieted down, the judges spoke.

Schlatt spoke first, “So- I forgot the keyboardist’s name- shit.”

Quackity passed his mic to Karl. “It’s Karl.”

“Oh, okay, so Karl, your piano playing is incredible, all the pianists are really good here, I have to say.” Schlatt praised with a small smile, “And - I’m not gonna try with names at this point, - drums were really good, too.”

“Thank you,” Sapnap and Karl smiled.

“I want to say really good work with the little edits you made on the song, like the instrumental is different, and some of the notes were different, and they were different in the best possible way.” Wilbur complemented.

“Thank you,” Dream responded on behalf of his band.

“Hm, Dream, you have a very... -and I mean this in a good way, a very rough voice. It suits your band’s style. And Quackity, you’re pretty good at rapping, not quite *there* yet, but definitely getting there!”

A few more comments later, the audience voted.



“Alright, introduce yourselves.”

“Why yes of course!” Bad smiled widely. “We’re Eggpire, and I’m Bad- well, BadBoyHalo, and I’m one of the lead singers. Though... I’ll be singing backup today.”

“I’m Hannah, or Hannah Rose, and I’m also the lead singer.”

“I’m Skeppy, I play bass.”

“Punz, and I play drums.”

“I’m Ant, or Antfrost, and I play guitar.”

“I’m Ponk, I play the keyboard!”

“Can we get to know you guys better?”

“Yes of course, we’re all highschoolers, and our band was formed after we found an egg that fell from it’s nest, and - due to the fact that we were stubborn to not let it die - the staff at our school appointed us to take care of the egg, which is where our band’s name comes from.” Bad started explaining, “And during that period, we got to know each other and found out we all played different instruments, and forming a band was something apparently all of us wanted to do, so we just decided, why not?”

The others nodded in agreement to whatever Bad said.

“What song will you guys be performing today?”

“Backyard Boy.” Hannah announced.

“Anything else you want to say?”

“Hopefully we won’t come dead last.” Ponk spoke truthfully.

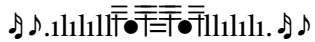
“Yeah, that wouldn’t be ideal...” Hannah laughed awkwardly.

“I mean, as long as we get to play, that’s already going to be better than spending all summer in Punz’s garage.” Ant nudged the blond.

“Hey, there’s nothing wrong with my garage.” Punz crossed his arms in defence.

“But this is better.” Skeppy raised a brow.

“Fine, this *is* better than my garage.”



Hannah stood in the middle, close to the mic, before counting everyone in. “*Five six seven, eight!*”

The instrumental started, and Hannah began to sing, Bad being the background track.

“Dance with me in my backyard, boy

Looking super fine in your corduroy

Drive me 'round the block

We can go in a loop

And we'll turn the volume up on some”

The beat remained constant, with Ponk’s piano playing.

“Good boy band tunes

I can feel the fresh air

I can feel your eyes stare

And I'm not gonna lie

I get a little bit scared

My heart is on wings

I'm living in dreams”

Ant started the guitar. “*And at the top of our lungs, we sing”*

Out of creative liberty, they added Skeppy’s bass in for the chorus too.

“Da da da da da da

Da da da da da da

Everything is perfect

Da da da da da da

Da da da da da da

All our words were worth it”

It returned to just Ponk and Punz.

“Da da da da da da

Da da da da da da

Dancing around like a clown at the circus

Da da da da da da

Da da da da da da

Backyard boy, you make me nervous”

Ant started the guitar, while Skeppy played the bass again as Hannah and Bad began the second verse.

“Dance with me in my backyard, boy

Looking super fine in your corduroy (five, six, seven, eight)

Roll the windows down

Let the base drop low

And everybody's talking

But I don't wanna know”

“Feel the fresh air

I can feel your eyes stare

And I'm not gonna lie

I get a little bit scared

And my heart is on wings

I'm living in dreams

And at the top of our lungs, we sing”

Everyone except Punz started to sing the “da”s, since Punz’s drum would bring too much reverb.

“Da da da da da da

Da da da da da da

Everything is perfect

Da da da da da da

Da da da da da da

All our words were worth it”

Everyone stopped, except for Hannah and Punz continued.

“Da da da da da da

Da da da da da da

Dancing around like a clown at the circus

Da da da da da da

Da da da da da da

Backyard boy, you make me nervous”

As always, claps were heard, and cheers were cheered, but a little bit louder this time. They were the most popular of all the bands, afterall. They have amassed over 3 million subscribers, and that’s only on their main channel.

The closest to them were the Ferals, at a little over 2 million, they grew over the course of the school year. Niki and Puffy stood at one million, while the paths were pushed to 500,000 and Snowchester had 300,000.

So it made sense.

“Well, I’ve heard about you six around the industry, and you guys do not disappoint.” Schlatt smiled. “Drummer boy,”

“ Yes? ” Punz nodded, his voice quiet from the lack of a mic.

“First of all, someone get that man a mic, secondly,” Schlatt stopped to laugh as Ponk put one in the blond’s face, almost hitting him, “Secondly,” he repeated, “nice job keeping a steady beat.”

“Thank you, sir.” Punz smiled widely.

“I want to say what I said to the Ferals to you guys, the mixing was incredible, the bass was perfect. Also, you guys can pull off *so many genres*, it’s honestly astounding.” Wilbur smiled.

“Thank you.” Bad spoke on the behalf of his band.

“Hannah, your voice is very soft, not exactly a Niki kind of soft, but soft enough to stand out against Bad’s rougher ones. It makes a nice contrast, and both of you have a good control over your voices.”

A few more comments later, it was time.



All the bands made their way onstage, in anxious anticipation to hear who was going to be eliminated. It was sad, they all really liked each other’s company and their singing, but for the show to continue, one band must go.

“So, this week’s vote is none other than by fondness of the performance! You, the audience, had the choice to vote either: green, you liked the performance, or red, you disliked the performance.” The emcee turned to the bands. “How are we feeling?”

Tubbo was the first to talk, “terribly anxious, but that made adrenaline just corse through my fucking viens and it’s great, hit me with the results, big man.”

“... I’m just happy that we were able to be on this stage.” Niki smiled.

“I feel the same way as Niki *and* A.” Charlie admitted.

“I’m happy with literally *anything* on the rankings, this opportunity was enough to make my year.” Dream paused, “And I’m nervous as fuck.”

“One, language, Dream, A” Bad spoke, and the entire stage had a collective eye roll (as a joke, of course.) “Second, I’m also very nervous, I think we all are, but this was such a good experience that... well, it makes everything feel a bit better.” Bad smiled.

“Well, we shall announce the second place, and then third, and then fourth, then fifth, then first.” The emcee announced, “In second place, with 6493 out of the 7300 votes is...”

Chapter End Notes

IM ALIVE!!!

FIRST, I WILL NOT BE ABLE TO GET TO MOST SONGS THAT HAVE BEEN SUGGESTED. OKAY THANK YOU-

AND I WAS GONNA SAY SOMETHING ELSE BUT COMPLETELY FORGOT. FUCK.

UHHHH

ILL REMEMBER IT AND I'LL PUT IT AS A CHAPTER, ALSO CHAPTERS WILL BE COMING OUT MORE RAPIDLY, SINCE SUMMER BREAK IS IN 2 OR THREE DAYS AND I FINISHED MY OTHER FIC.

ANYWAYS, BYE.

Not a chapter again :(STILL IMPORTANT

Chapter Summary

AustinAustinAustinAustinAustinAustinAustinAustinAustinAustinAustinAustinAustinAustinAustinAustinAustinAustin

I remembered what I was gonna say,

The emcee is AustinShow.

Uno.

Chapter Summary

Uno :D

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“In second place, with 6493 out of the 7300 votes is...” the audience and the singers held their breath in anticipation. “None other than Pink on White!”

Niki and Puffy both gasped loudly and hugged each other. “What the shit!” Niki was bouncing on her toes.

“Oh the only way you two can win now is to get first place.” Puffy laughed “evilily”, “Suck it, green boy.”

“Maybe we’ll win,” Dream rolled his eyes.

“Congrats, you two!” Hannah congratulated.

“Nice.” Ranboo simply spoke to Niki and Puffy.

“Thank you.” Niki and Puffy both nodded sincerely.

“And.. in third place, with 6382 votes is...” The emcee flipped through their cards as the people watched in anticipation. “The Feral Boys!”

“OH WAIT SHIT THAT’S A LOT OF VOTES-” Dream realized, “aw but damn it we lost-” He laughed softly,

“We’ll get you next time.” George stared daggers into Puffy and Niki’s head.

“Come on George, it’s fine, let them win this one time.” Sapnap patted the man’s head.

“How’s it feel to lose?” Quackity leaned on Dream’s shoulder.

“Yeah! How’s it feel to lose?” Karl chimed in.

“Who’s side are you on-” Dream wheezed.

“And in Fourth Place, with 5984 votes, we have...” The emcee spoke, and Tubbo held his breath, this could be his last shot at not being eliminated, since the Eggpire’s chances of being past is slim. “Divergent Paths!”

“Oh thank god-” Tubbo sighed in relief, and so did Ranboo, who gave the shorter brunette a quick hug.

“I think my heart just- it died on me, just now.” Tommy admitted quietly.

“Same.” Purpled nodded.

“Congrats!” They turned to see Jack smiling.

If they got fourth, that means, most likely, Jack and Charlie would be eliminated.

“And unfortunately, the band that will be eliminated, coming in at fifth place is...” The emcee paused, “Snowchester. I’m sorry guys, it’s the end of the road for you two.”

Jack nodded, “that’s fine, thank you guys so much for the opportunity!”

“Yeah, I was gonna say that, these few days have been intense, and we have no plans on leaving until we watch who actually wins, so I mean,” Charlie smiled, “Thank you guys again.” He bowed slightly.

“Thank you,” Jack echoed, following suit.

“And now,” The Eggpire seemed to understand what was going on, “the winner with 7129 votes, is... The Eggpire!”

“... HOLY SHIT-”

“SKEPPY LANGUAGE! YOU MUFFINHEAD.”

“Wait did we just win first episode-”

“No way!”

“Let’s go!” A mountain of cheers was shouted, and the others congratulated them sincerely. The recording ended shortly after.



Before they departed from the stadium, the bands made a group chat.

It started blowing up just as the Paths were going to bed.

“Why’s the groupchat-” Tommy reached for his phone, “Oh.”

“What?” Tubbo looked up from his phone.

“The groupchat that we made a while ago.” Tommy looked to him.

“Oh I muted that shit an hour ago.”

“Come on you have to read the messages, we made the chat for a reason.” Purpled rolled his eyes.
“Let’s see...”

“Sleepover?” Ranboo raised a brow.

“Sleepover?” Tubbo echoed, still clicking into the chat.

“Sleepover.” Purpled confirmed.

“Where?” Tubbo sat up too.

“Eggpire’s room, since it’s the biggest- them and their six members.” Purpled explained.

“Are we going, then?” Ranboo asked the group.

“Yeah, okay.” Tommy practically slipped off the bed.

“Woo! Sleepover!” Tubbo cheered like a child.

“I have to get up again.” Purpled groaned.

“Come on, Purp.” Ranboo dragged Purpled off his bed.

“Fine, fine.”

♪ ♪.lllllll●≡≡●llllll. ♪ ♪

“Hey!” They were greeted by Niki, all huddled in a blanket. “Oh you four look like *shit* .”

A faint “LANGUAGE” was heard.

“We were going to go to bed, I’m so tired man.” Tubbo laughed softly.

“Come in, they’re playing uno.” Niki stepped aside to see half of the people in the room huddled in the middle of the room, on the floor over some uno cards.

“DREAM I WILL TEAR YOU APART.” Puffy announced, putting down a plus four.

“YEAH?” Dream shouted back, “UNO.” He placed down a plus four as well.

“...” Puffy placed down another plus four.

“How.”

“Uno.” She glared. “Take twelve.”

“Fuck you.”

“You wish.”

“He literally has a boyfriend, Puff.” Niki sat on a bed, right above Puffy. “Leave him alone.”

“I will, I will.” Puffy smiled proudly as she watched Dream take a shit load of cards. “Oh, and here.” She placed down a colour switch card.

“I hate you.” Dream decided to give up and leave the circle of uno players, and Niki sighed.

“Who wants to take over Dream’s spot?” Puffy looked up, and Ranboo sat down.

Little did anybody know, Ranboo was a fucking champ at uno.



To everyone's surprise, and Niki and George's delight, Dream and Puffy started working together. "This one." Puffy pointed to a card.

"No, Ranboo-" He looked up to the yawning boy, "He's got something up his sleeve."

"Guys it's 4-"

"Shut it, Tommy." Both Puffy and Dream spoke.

"Tubbo's already passed out." Bad pointed out, pointing to the boy sprawled across the bed.

"And so is half our band." Hannah added, looking back to the three other boys, minus herself, Bad and Skeppy.

"Come on, please can we sleep," Sapnap practically begged, "I can't let Karl shotgun another monster, and Quackity is hyper- and your fucking boyfriend is asleep!"

"Jack and Charlie are hyper with them." Niki paused to look at Jack, Charlie, Karl and Quackity, they were "sacrificing" Purpled. "I need the spray bottle." She rolled off the bed, reaching for the *literal* spray bottle, spraying the four boys down and rescuing Purpled.

Ranboo was hyper focused, yet tired on the game as Dream and Puffy decided to play a colour card. They had a move.

"Green." Puffy spoke, her shoulders tense.

"Pog." Ranboo placed down a green two and a red two.

“WHAT.” Dream screamed in dismay, and most of the people who were sleeping shifted at the noise.

“Shh!” Niki hushed.

“That’s it!” Tommy swooped up the uno cards and ran to the light switch. “Bed time, no excuses!”

That was the last straw, Tommy getting mad.

So everyone just hopped into a space they could fit in, and fell asleep soundly.



it's so short-

anyways have a nice day!

Online to Offline pt 6

Chapter Summary

Divergent Paths and Pink on White,

Snowchester makes a comeback...

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Pink on White was first, the two nervous girls walked onto the empty stage, hands connected until they had to part for their separate instruments.

Niki tuned her ukulele, which she lovingly named coffee, and coincidentally, the song they were about to sing was Last Cup of Coffee.

“One two three four,” Niki tapped lightly on the ukulele, before starting to sing.

“Some day, we’ll have our last conversation

And drink our last cup of coffee”

Puffy added in her piano chords, playing the harmony of the singing every once in a while as she leaned into the mic.

“Some day, we might be 80

And think about the different things we used to say”

Niki sang again as Puffy placed harder notes to the keyboard.

“All the memories of you will just become a ghost of a smile,

caught in the wind

Some day”

Puffy harmonized, *“Some day”*

They sung together, the two voices drifting together into a perfect harmony.

“It’ll be the last day.”

Puffy played a bit of a changed version of the melody, Niki continuing to strum. The instrumental ended and Niki returned to sing.

“I won’t forget how it feels to be loved

To be remembered by someone as special as you”

Puffy looked to the pink haired girl for a moment, before returning to her mic.

“Some day”

Niki harmonized.

“Someday”

“I will”

“I will”

They sung together again, bringing an end to the song,

“Drink the last cup of coffee with a smile”

Niki looked to Puffy, *“Wahoo!”*

“Wahoo!” Puffy laughed with a smile.

The claps and cheers were soft, similar to the two girls’ voices. They bowed before the judges spoke.

“The harmonizations were well written,” Wilbur jumped right in, “and they didn’t clash into each

other like some other ones I've heard- that sounds directed against the other bands- I did not think about that- that was *not* towards the others, I mean in my carree--"

"Wil, there's no saving that statement." Eret laughed.

"Fuck." He pinched the bridge of his nose as Schlatt laughed loudly.

"All of you backstage, you guys can harmonize beautifully as well."

Niki and Puffy both held back laughs. "Thank you." Niki giggled out.

"I'm always surprised at how soft yet powerful both of your voices are." Eret spoke next, "Like I said to Jack--"

"-oh my god not again-" Schlatt groaned.

"-What?" Eret laughed, "Strong like steel-" Eret paused to control his laughter while the two judges had their mics far enough to not mess up the audio with their wheezing, "soft like mushrooms."

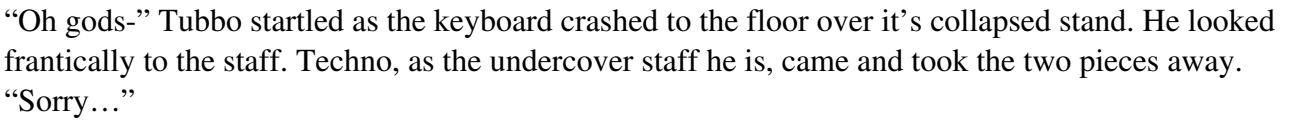
"What the fuck, Eret." Schlatt wheezed.

"It's a good metaphor!"

"It's really not." Wilbur laughed too.

"Okay, um, my turn." Schlatt spoke, "Niki, I didn't know that you could play the Ukulele. It's not exactly a hard skill to learn, since a lot of people play it, but you've practically mastered it, and that's hard to comeby, I wanted to say the same thing I said yesterday to you, Puffy. Just that today, the riffs and melodies you played were harder, I could tell. Good job."

"Thank you." They both spoke.



“Okay then...” Tubbo sighed, putting his hands onto the new keyboard, “hit it, D.”

Ranboo started with the bass, and Tubbo added the bell-like keyboard for the intro. Tommy slightly grimaced as he got ready to sing the rollercoaster of the song they chose, setting the beat that would go on for most, if not all of the song. The lyrics were hella hard to remember. Right before Tommy sang, Tubbo stopped the keyboard.

South Pacific, Walter Winchell, Joe DiMaggio

North Korea, South Korea, Marilyn Monroe”

Purpled was next to sing.

Brando, "The King and I", and "The Catcher in the Rye"

Eisenhower, Vaccine, England's got a new queen

Marciano, Liberace, Santayana, goodbye"

Tubbo sang the chorus with a shit ton of energy,

“We didn't start the fire

It was always burning, since the world's been turning

We didn't start the fire

No, we didn't light it, but we tried to fight it”

Tommy went next again,

“Joseph Stalin, Malenkov, Nasser and Prokofiev

Rockefeller, Campanella, Communist Bloc

Roy Cohn, Juan Peron, Toscanini, Dacron

Dien Bien Phu falls, "Rock Around the Clock"”

Purpled followed closely, since he didn't really have a part this song other than to sing.

“Einstein, James Dean, Brooklyn's got a winning team

Davy Crockett, Peter Pan, Elvis Presley, Disneyland

Bardot, Budapest, Alabama, Krushchev

Princess Grace, Peyton Place, Trouble in the Suez”

Tubbo sang, this time with Ranboo.

“We didn't start the fire

It was always burning, since the world's been turning

We didn't start the fire

No, we didn't light it, but we tried to fight it”

Tommy practically screamed the next part as the crowd started to feel the energy that the four produced.

“Little Rock, Pasternak, Mickey Mantle, Kerouac

Sputnik, Chou En-Lai, "Bridge on the River Kwai"

Lebanon, Charles de Gaulle, California baseball

Starkweather homicide, children of thalidomide”

Purpled matched his energy after a little bit of a riff from Ranboo.

“Buddy Holly, Ben Hur, space monkey, mafia

Hula hoops, Castro, Edsel is a no-go

U2, Syngman Rhee, Payola and Kennedy

Chubby Checker, Psycho, Belgians in the Congo”

Tubbo sang the chorus again.

“We didn't start the fire

It was always burning, since the world's been turning

We didn't start the fire

No, we didn't light it, but we tried to fight it”

Tommy sang the next verse by himself, the crowd getting hyped up.

“Hemingway, Eichmann, "Stranger in a Strange Land"

Dylan, Berlin, Bay of Pigs invasion

"Lawrence of Arabia", British Beatlemania

Ole Miss, John Glenn, Liston beats Patterson

Pope Paul, Malcolm X, British politician sex

JFK – blown away, what else do I have to say?”

Ranboo sang the chorus by himself this time.

“We didn't start the fire

It was always burning, since the world's been turning

We didn't start the fire

No, we didn't light it, but we tried to fight it”

Purpled clapped a beat, and the audience followed.

“Birth control, Ho Chi Minh, Richard Nixon back again
Moonshot, Woodstock, Watergate, punk rock
Begin, Reagan, Palestine, terror on the airline
Ayatollah's in Iran, Russians in Afghanistan”

Tommy went again as the clapping continued,
““Wheel of Fortune”, Sally Ride, heavy metal suicide
Foreign debts, homeless vets, AIDS, crack, Bernie Goetz
Hypodermics on the shore, China's under martial law
Rock and roller, cola wars, I can't take it anymore”

Tubbo started the chorus as the instrumental stopped.

“We didn't start the fire
It was always burning, since the world's been turning
We didn't start the fire
But when we are gone”

The instrumental came back slowly until it reached full volume as Tubbo sang,

“It will still burn on, and on, and on, and on, and on, and on, and on, and on!”

They all sang together, at double the energy, if that was even possible.

“We didn't start the fire
It was always burning, since the world's been turning
We didn't start the fire
No, we didn't light it, but we tried to fight it”

Tubbo pulled the mic off it's stand, moving to the front of the stage, encouraging the audience to sing along.

“We didn't start the fire

It was always burning, since the world's been turning

We didn't start the fire

No, we didn't light it, but we tried to fight it”

The crowd seemed to be wavered by Tubbo’s encouragement, more than half singing along.

“We didn't start the fire

It was always burning, since the world's been turning

We didn't start the fire

No, we didn't light it, but we tried to fight it”

The song ended with the reverb of Ranboo’s bass, and Tubbo turned back to his bandmates, smiling under his mask and sunglasses.

A wave of clapps were heard and cheers.

“Well, I’m always surprised to hear how you guys can sing so clearly through the masks, you four, Dream and Bad.” Eret spoke first, “It’s honestly impressive.”

“Thank you!” Tubbo spoke for his friends.

“How much air can one take into their lungs to sing in a mask?” Wilbur wondered aloud.

“No idea, kind of don’t want to know.” Schlatt smacked Wilbur’s back in “comfort”.

“Fuck you, Schlatt.” Wilbur laughed softly.

“Anyways, I’ll go,” Schlatt spoke again, “I want to say that, D, your singing was great, even though you had to concentrate on the drums at the same time.”

“Thank you.” Tommy nodded, speaking into his mic.

“You four work together *really well* , like the... does soul make sense? The soul of your band is just- very strong. Like you guys are one... single being? Does that make sense?” Wilbur spoke, unsure.

“Don’t worry about it,” Tubbo laughed, “None of us are good at metaphors.”

“That’s so true,” Wilbur poked Eret, “You and your mushrooms.”

“Shut it.” Eret rolled their eyes.



“And we’re here for a mid-comp performance, from Snowchester!” The emcee, Austin announced. “They will be performing Everybody Talks!”

Jack and Charlie stepped onto the stage, excited to sing on it again.

“One two three four!”

Charlie started the harmonizing “ahh”s, and Jack joined for a second, before clearing his throat (as a part of the song,)

“Hey baby, won't you look my way?

I can be your new addiction

Hey baby, what you gotta say?

All you're giving me is fiction”

Charlie followed up tightly, singing the next line.

“I'm a sorry sucker and this happens all the time

I found out that everybody talks

Everybody talks, everybody talks”

They stopped their instrumental as Jack paused before the chorus, the crowd cheering.

“It started with a whisper

And that was when I kissed her”

“And then she made my lips hurt

I could hear the chit chat”

The two sang together,

“Take me to your love shack

Mama's always gotta back track

When everybody talks back”

Charlie was the one to start the next verse, having the instrumental on loop.

“Hey honey, you could be my drug

You could be my new prescription

Too much could be an overdose

All this trash talk make me itchin'”

Jack followed, his bit also on loop as he took the mic into his hands, moving downstage.

“Oh my, my shit

Everybody talks, everybody talks

Everybody talks, too much”

Charlie sang the first bit as he joined Jack downstage.

“It started with a whisper

And that was when I kissed her”

“And then she made my lips hurt

I could hear the chit chat”

They held their mics out towards the audience as the crowd sang along, the instrumental stopping to a halt.

“Take me to your love shack

Mama's always gotta back track

When everybody talks back”

Charlie returned to the guitar as Jack sung the next part, playing a different instrumental bit,

“Never thought I'd live

To see the day

When everybody's words got in the way”

“Hey!”

Charlie played a riff before strumming once, softly. He leaned into the mic that was back in it's stand.

“Hey sugar, show me all your love

All you're giving me is friction”

Jack did a small spoken part, *“Hey sugar, what you gotta say?”*

There was a pause before the two previous loops were turned back on, the two boys singing together.

“It started with a whisper

And that was when I kissed her

And then she made my lips hurt

I could hear the chit chat

Take me to your love shack

Mama's always gotta back track

When everybody talks back”

The crowd sang with the two,

“Everybody talks

Everybody talks

Everybody talks

Everybody talks

Everybody talks

Everybody talks, back”

Jack took over the main vocals as Charlie took the backup.

“It started with a whisper,” Jack started,

“everybody talks, everybody talks”

“And that was when I kissed her”

“everybody talks, everybody talks”

“Everybody talks

Everybody talks, back”

The lights turned dark as the cheering went on, and the next band got ready.

Chapter End Notes

LOL I RUSHED THIS, KINDA

I have too much time on my hands, and this is what happens.

Take care of yourselves!

Online to Offline pt 7

Chapter Summary

Eggpire, the Ferals and the results...

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The paths were preparing to lose.

It was the most plausible result, since most likely the Eggpire and the Ferals weren't going to lose to Pink on White nor Divergent Paths, and Pink on White had a subscriber advantage over the Paths.

The math just played out like that.

Tubbo sighed heavily, and the other three looked to him, "If we lose, which-"

"-the math would make sense if we lose." Tommy shrugged.

"Yeah, so... if we lose today, I believe that that performance was all we could give.." Tubbo smiled towards the three boys, well, as much as he could under masks and sunglasses.

"But still, we have a chance, we gave it our all." Ranboo pointed out, "Stay positive, guys,"

Purpled nodded in agreement, "We can beat them." He spoke quietly, before looking to Pink on White, the Ferals and the Eggpire, "maybe..."

"Eggpire." Techno called into the room.

"Coming!"



Bad was the first to sing, this time, a soft chord playing from Ponk's keyboard, a beat from Punz's drums. He sung after Skeppy did a riff on his bass, Hannah doing background vocals.

"Candy, she's sweet like candy in my veins"

Baby, I'm dying for another taste"

Hannah sang next, the beat quickening.

“And every night my mind is running around her

Thunder's getting louder and louder"

Punz did a quick drumroll that lasts through the chorus as Ant added in the guitar at the right time, Bad singing.

"Baby, you're like lightning in a bottle

I can't let you go now that I got it

And all I need is to be struck

By your electric love

Baby, your electric love

Electric love”

Hannah went on to sing the second verse as it went back to just Ponk, Punz and Skeppy.

“Drown me”

Bad sung backup,

“Drown me”

“you make my heart beat like the rain

Surround me”

“Oh~”

“hold me deep beneath your waves

And every night my mind is running around her

Thunder's getting louder and louder and louder”

Bad and Ant returned for the chorus, and Bad sang the main bits while Hannah harmonized softly.

“Baby, you're like lightning in a bottle

I can't let you go now that I got it

And all I need is to be struck

By your electric love

Baby, your electric love

Electric love”

The instrumentals of the band played a little bit of, well, instrumental. Bad took the mic off it's stand, sitting on the edge of the stage and high fiving/dabbing up whoever reached over.

“Rushing through me”

Bad sang, the instremental bit still going.

Feel your energy rushing through me

Hannah echoed,

“Feel your energy rushing through me”

The instrumental stopped and both Hannah and Bad sung, the crowd also singing softly.

“Baby, you're like lightning in a bottle

I can't let you go now that I got it

And all I need is to be struck by your electric love

Baby, your electric love

Baby, you're electric-”

The crowd clapped, and Bad looked back towards his band, smiling before climbing back up and going towards them.

“Thank you.” Hannah thanked the crowd.

“Well, since it’s Bad’s first time singing with all three of us here, Eret, why don’t you go first?” Wilbur asked, looking towards the person.

“Sure! So, Bad you have a very nice voice, very powerful, unlike your speaking voice, which surprised me at first.” Eret smiled, “And your control over the higher notes is pretty good, I’m impressed.” She spoke with a nod.

“Thank you.” Bad nodded.

“And Hannah, good job as always.”

Hannah nodded in a quick thanks.

“I’ll go next, then,” Wilbur spoke into his mic, “What would you guys say your genre is?”

“...” Bad looked back to his band, who all shrugged.

“Uh, we play a variety of music.” Punz spoke first.

“Yeah, we can go from... let’s say I Hear a Symphony to Teenagers- those are both things that people here have sang- uh, but yeah, we fluctuate a lot.” Ponk explained.

“Ah, I can see that from the four performances that I have heard thus far, and I’d have to say that- that is a feat, I haven’t seen many bands use more than... what, 5 to 8 genres? Good job, you guys.”

“Thank you, sir.” Ant nodded.

“Bass boy.” Schlatt pointed.

“Yes, sir?” Skeppy jumped slightly at the scary man.

“I want to say that your bass skills are... very accurate. They’re crisp and very clean-cut.”

Skeppy exhaled sharply out of relief. “Thank you.”



“Sap, as always.” Dream adjusted his mic while the black haired man tightened his white bandana and smiled at the band leader.

“Alright, are you ready kids?”

“Aye aye captain!” All of them answered, well, except Dream.

“ONE TWO THREE AND FOUR!”

Quackity was quick to lay down the bass line, his boyfriend adding the drums. George added another chord of bass to that, before the melody of chorus (the “my daddy’s got a gun” part) was played by Quackity with his bass.

Dream took a deep breath,

“My daddy's got a gun

My daddy's got a gun

My daddy's got a gun

You better run

My daddy's got a gun

My daddy's got a gun

My daddy's got a gun

Ga-ga-ga-ga-ga”

This was a duet with George, so Dream stopped to let his boyfriend sing the verse with only Karl's keyboard and Sapnap's drums backing it.

“It started with the hayloft a-creakin’

Well, it just started in the hay-”

“-loft” Dream sang backup.

“With his long-johns on, Pop went a-creeping

Out to the barn, up to the hay

Young lovers and they are not sleeping

Young lovers in the hay-”

“-loft”

“With his gun turned on, Pop went a-creeping

Out to the barn, up to the hay”

“Loft”

Dream took the mic, tilting the stand off its axis as all the instruments came back.

“My daddy's got a gun

My daddy's got a gun

My daddy's got a gun

You better run

My daddy's got a gun

My daddy's got a gun

My daddy's got a gun

Ga-ga-ga-ga-ga”

George sang the “Ahh, yah, yah, yah”s while Quackity playing the melody of the chorus softly with Karl’s soft piano, the bass in his hands mute and Sapnap held back his drumsticks.

Dream looked to George as he sang the last “Ga-ga-ga-ga-ga” bit, before smiling and moving upstage with his mic.

“My daddy's got a gun

My daddy's got a gun

My daddy's got a gun

You better run

My daddy's got a gun

My daddy's got a gun

My daddy's got a gun

Ga-ga-ga-ga-ga”

Dream actually sang the verse this time, George singing backup as the drums came back as the other two instruments stopped.

“It started with the hayloft a-creakin’

Well, it just started in the hay

With his longjohns on, Pop went a-creeping

Out to the barn, up to the hay-”

“-Loft”

The instrumental came back at full volume.

“Young lovers with their legs tied up in knots

Young lovers with their legs tied up in love

With his long, tall gun, Pop went a-creeping

To blow their hayloft bedheads straight off”

George sang the chorus this time.

“My daddy's got a gun

My daddy's got a gun

My daddy's got a gun

You better run-”

That part repeats three times, the first one was just George, the second was George and Dream, and the last was the entire band, minus Sapnaps, since reverb from the drums were bad.

The entire band (minus Sapnap) sang the last chorus.

“My daddy's got a gun

My daddy's got a gun

My daddy's got a gun

You better run

My daddy's got a gun

My daddy's got a gun

My daddy's got a gun

Ga-ga-ga-ga-ga”

The crowd went over with a cheer, and the band onstage basked in the stage lights.

Even Schlatt clapped, everyone who could hear had to admit, that was the best performance they've ever done, even they, themselves agree.

Backstage, the bands realized that the Ferals were more of a risk than they thought.

“That was the best performance I’ve seen from you guys yet.” Wilbur smiled, “And of course, you guys stuck to the sort of... rock aesthetic.” Wilbur looked up from his mic, “and I appreciate you guys sticking to a single aesthetic.”

“Thank you,” Karl was quick to answer, out of breath.

“Drums, kiddo.” Schlatt was the absolute king of not remembering names.

“YES?” The boy screamed, without a mic.

“Excellent work, speed and precision is amazing.”

“THANK YOU!” The audience and the people onstage laughed at Sapnap’s eagerness.

“Of course.” Schlatt exhaled in a laugh.

“George, I didn’t know that your vocals were this good, I think I’ve heard you sing before, but songs are honestly mashing into each other at this point,” Eret sighed, “you’re good enough to probably take lead in a song, and Dream, as always, people singing well in masks always mesmerizes me. Good job, you outdid yourself.”

George and Dream smiled at each other, “Thank you!”

“OH BASS KID WHO DID THE RIFFS-” Schlatt chased, “Clean riffs, very well done.”

“Thank you!” Quackity smiled proudly.



“Now,” Austin came back onstage, “Who’s ready to vote?!”

The crowd cheered in full volume, hyped as fuck.

“That’s a lot of people- Okay, take your phone, or your voting devices!” Austin stepped paced along the stage idly as the crowd got ready. “Pink for Pink on White, white for Divergent Paths, red for Eggpire, and green for the Feral Boys! Get voting, people! You have five minutes!”

The audience didn’t need five. It took them about three. The four bands came onstage, Pink on White and the Paths blessing each other with good luck. They knew that one of them were getting eliminated today.

“Welcome, guys!” the emcee spoke cheerfully. “Who’s ready to know the results?”

Even though the Ferals were confident, they weren’t confident enough to win, so just a weak “us” from them, Eggpire nodded solemnly, the Paths and the two person band stayed silent.

“... okAY THEN-” Austin moved away from the four groups, “there were 7300 votes, spread across the four of you. Now,” He turned to them again, “which place would you guys want to know first?”

“Last,” the Paths,

“Last” Puffy and Niki,

“Second,” the Ferals,

“Second,” Eggpire.

“...” Austin looked to the judges for help, who shrugged, “Niki and Punz, rock paper scissors.”

Niki looked to Puffy and the Paths before stepping up to the blond boldly. “On shoot.”

“On shoot.” Punz agreed.

“*Rock paper scissors, shoot!*” Niki shut her eyes, before opening them to see her use rock and Punz use scissors. She sighed heavily, not exactly happy with the results, but not upset either.

“So, last place?”

Niki looked to the emcee anxiously, “Yeah.”

“Okay then, in last place, with 1725 points, is...” Austin shot nervous glances towards Niki and Puffy, with a sigh, he announced. “Pink on White, I’m sorry, it’s the end of the road for you two.”

The two girls sighed, out of relief. “Thank you, Austin. And thank you to the production team for having us!” With joined hands, the two girls took a bow.

“Now, let’s move on to the third place.” Austin nodded, “With 1805 votes, Divergent Paths.”

The Paths were relieved, but were still sad to see Niki and Puffy go.”

“Thank you, Austin.” Tubbo echoed, “And,” he turned to Niki and Puffy, “Good luck.”

“You making it sound like we’re *dying* or some shit.” Puffy laughed.

“Language, Puff.”

“Ah yes, the classic ‘language’ from Bad, but we’re not going *anywhere* .” Niki smiled mischievously.

“Oh how fun.” Dream rolled his eyes as George half encouraged his boyfriend to drop it, not wanting to drop it himself.

“Oh you’re not getting rid of us that easily.” Puffy rolled her eyes with a smile.

“Now,” Austin interrupted, “second place,” Eggpire and the Ferals held a breath, “with 1880 votes... the Eggpire!”

Hannah exhaled, satisfied, “Thank you.”

“And that means, with 1890 points, which is *so close*,” Austin pointed out, “the Feral Boys!”

It hadn’t sunk into the five yet.

“WAIT WE WON?!” Karl laughed with a wheeze. “WHAT THE HONK?”

“LET’S GO!” Quackity mused.

They all tackled each other into a hug, they were that kind of people when celebrating.

The Paths watched, theorizing that they’d lose tomorrow.

But that’s fine, they made friends and grew by another 100k subs.

Chapter End Notes

IM OUT WITH SHIT WIFI RN SO UPDATES *WILL BE* SLOW!!!

take care of yourselves! I'm making a SBI + Bee duo oneshot rn, it'll be great.

Online to Offline pt 7

Chapter Summary

I JUST SLAMMED AN ENTIRE EPISODE IN THIS BS

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Remember when they said another 100k?

Hah fuck they lied 'cause they hit 1 million today, after the first episode came out last night.

That made putting on a mask and going onstage that much harder. They were, of course, peer pressured to do a face reveal, but keeping their faces from the public seemed like they were cheating their fans.

They had to figure it out soon.

Well, after whatever Hannah had to bring in store after she knocked quickly and loudly at their door.

Purpled was the one to answer, being the closest to the door. "Hannah?"

She tugged on her sleeves slightly, and with a sigh, looked to Purpled. "We're going to forfeit."

"What." Purpled raised a brow in concern, "What's wrong?"

Hannah furrowed her brows, frustrated. "I- Bad- I don't know how, when- I don't know anything yet, because the boys haven't told me shit, just a call from Skeppy, but Bad fucked something up-like a bone or something."

"What." Purpled repeated, Tubbo and Ranboo now by his side.

Hannah smiled, bittersweet. “We don’t have many songs without Bad, and the ones with, they’re not practiced enough... So yeah, we’re dropping out. We’ll still stay for one more performance, where the staff will sway the points away from us. And...” She smiled again, “Good luck with the Ferals.”

Tommy joined them, just to catch the “dropping out part”. Knowing the other three knew what was happening, he stayed quiet.

“Thank you...” Ranboo made eye contact with Tubbo, who just furrowed his brows, “I’m sorry.”

Hannah gave an empty laugh, “It’s quite alright, don’t worry too much, we’ll come back into the industry in *no time* .”

“We’ll be here to see it.” Tubbo reassured.

“Good luck.” Tommy smiled softly.

Ranboo leaned on the door, “Get some sleep, you’ll still need to sing tomorrow.”

Hannah just smiled with a nod, before walking away.

The boys shut the door, Tommy looked to the other three.

“Bad fucked up a bone.” Tubbo explained swiftly.

“Oh.”

With the majority of sadness, yet a tad of excitement, they had a *chance* to win, now.



Backstage were filled with apologies towards the Eggpire, who smiled at each one, sadly, yet comforting, they didn't know who they were comforting, themselves? The others?

No idea.

"Alright," Austin went onstage, "Who's ready for the competitors?"

The crowd cheered, and the man smiled slightly, not excited to lie to the audience. "But, before we do that, let's get a performance with the members of the, well, they call themselves 'elimination squad', welcome, Pink on White and Snowchester!"

The crowd still went over with cheers, and the four came onstage, Jack with a guitar, Niki with a ukulele, Puffy with a keyboard and Charlie with a synth.

"Hey, did you miss us?" Charlie asked into his mic, the others giggled.

The crowd gave a collective "YEAH"

"Alright then!" Puffy laughed at the crowd's eagerness, "this is *Best Friend!*"

Jack smiled as he leaned into the mic, "*I should have stayed at home,*

I should've stayed at home

'Cause right now I see all these people that love me

But I still feel alone

Can't help but check my phone"

Niki followed next, the sound of Puffy's piano in the background,

"I could've made you mine

But no, it wasn't meant to be and see I wasn't made for you

And you weren't made for me

Though it seemed so easy”

Charlie was next to sing, playing his synth overlapping Puffy’s piano.

“And that’s because I wanna be your favorite boy”

Puffy let the keys pop back up, grabbing her mic as Jack strummed his guitar and moved towards Niki, leaning on her shoulder playfully.

“I wanna be the one that makes your day”

Niki laughed, facing her girlfriend.

“The one you think about as you lie awake”

Jack strummed again,

“I can’t wait to be your number one

I’ll be your biggest fan and you’ll be mine”

Niki continued,

“And make you cry...”

Puffy took Niki’s hand as a beat came from Charlie’s synth.

“You know it’s too late

I’m on my own shit now”

Charlie leaned into his mic, the beat still playing.

“Let me tell you how it feels to be fucking great

I feel great”

Puffy hummed into the mic, letting go of Niki’s hand to let her play the ukulele. *“Oh~”*

“You need to be yourself,” Niki strummed her instrument softly, adding layers to the guitar.

“Instead of someone really cool

That makes your heart melt

Who knows what you truly felt”

Puffy sang in a sort of response as the crowd clapped to the beat.

“You’re still my favorite girl,

You better trust me when I tell you

There ain’t no one else more beautiful in this damn world”

Charlie looked to Jack with a look of “ew relationships” (even though Jack was pretty sure that the boy had a girlfriend)

“In this damn world” he echoed, dragging out the last note.

“You’re gonna wanna be my best friend baby

You’re gonna wanna be my best friend” He paused for a moment, before speaking the spoken part.

“I said that”

Everyone sung together, the crowd singing too.

“You’re gonna wanna be my best friend baby

You’re gonna wanna be my best friend

You’re gonna wanna be my best friend baby

You’re gonna wanna be my best friend

Best friend

You’re gonna wanna be my best friend baby

You’re gonna wanna be my best friend”

Niki followed it with the pre-chorus, the beat going harder as Charlie turned a peg and she stopped the ukulele.

“I say that I’m happy

I say that I’m happy

But no, no, no, no

No, no, no, oh”

All the instrumentals stopped as Jack sung the first line of the chorus.

“I still wanna be your favorite boy”

The instruments came back, including the ukulele and piano, everyone, including the audience singing.

“I wanna be the one that makes your day

The one you think about as you lie awake

And I can't wait to be your number, your number one

I'll be your biggest fan and you'll be mine

But I still wanna break your heart and make you cry”

Jack sung the outro,

“I still wanna be your favorite boy

I wanna be the one

I might just be the one”

The audience washed over with claps and cheers while the two bands smiled and relished in the attention.

“Thank you! Pink on White, Snowchester!”



Hannah smiled towards the two other bands, “Best of luck!”

“You guys too.” Dream spoke while Tubbo just picked at the ends of his sleeves, looking away from behind the sunglasses.

“o7.” Tommy spoke softly.

The girl nodded before following her band out of the room, and onto the stage, getting in front of the mic. She blocked out the whispers that spoke about their lack of members, a mic positioned in front of Skeppy as well. Punz looked between his bandmates, *“Five six seven eight!”*

“Do I need it?” Hannah sang, Ant playing his piano loops and the guitar starting with the bass.

“Mocha” Skeppy sang backup.

“Am I under control?”

Can I beat it?”

“Wake up”

“If it swallowed me whole, would I see it?”

“I can make you feel alive”

Hannah near groaned,

“I know, but do I need you to survive?”

“Just a sip!”

“Does it still matter which one?”

“Just a drip!”

“Am I dumbfounded when I slip?”

"You can't believe" The entire band sang, even Punz, since the drums were now just on loop.

"I can't believe"

"You can't believe"

"I can't believe"

"You can't believe"

"I can't believe this happened"

The beat continued for a few seconds before Hannah continued,

"Wow"

French vanilla, I think I should sit this one out"

Skeppy shook his head, still singing backup,

"No no no," He sang.

"Maybe a cup of self control would be the route"

"But it's the flavor, it's the flavor you want!"

"Maybe so, but it feels better to check than to reflect"

"Oh~" The song ended, wasn't their best work, and that was on purpous.

They half listened to the judges comments, saying quick "thank you"s before going off stage, the three adult's gazes lingering after them in concern after they left. Schlatt sighed while Eret leaned on his hand and Wilbur fiddled with his mic as he waited for the next band.



Time is slipping away

Away from us, so stay

Stay with me, I can make

Make you glad you came”

All three of them sang as Quackity also played the bass. The audience clapped along to the beat that Sapnap set.

“The sun goes down, the stars come out

And all that counts is here and now

My universe will never be the same

I'm glad you came

I'm glad you came”

An instrumental bit played, and Karl set his part into a loop as he awkwardly fiddled with the ends of his sleeves, not really ready to sing in front of so many people. He took a breath and sang anyway.

“You cast a spell on me, spell on me

You hit me like the sky fell on me, fell on me

And I decided you look well on me, well on me

So let's go somewhere no one else can see

You and me” He smiled as the crowd cheered at his voice.

Quackity sang again,

“Turn the lights out now

Now, I'll take you by the hand

Hand you another drink

Drink it if you can

Can you spend a little time?

Time is slipping away

Away from us, so stay

*Stay with me, I can make
Make you glad you came”*

The four all sang together, Sapnap smiling at his bandmates in pride,

“The sun goes down, the stars come out

And all that counts is here and now

My universe will never be the same

I'm glad you came

I'm glad you came”

They all got up from where they were, the instrumental being a convenient loop that could start and stop with a press of a button that was kept on Karl. They walked towards upstage, interacting where they could with the audience, encouraging them to clap along.

Karl stopped the instrumental, and Dream sung into his mic,

“The sun goes down, the stars come out

And all that counts is here and now

My universe will never be the same

I'm glad you came...”

Karl booted the instrumental back up and everyone, even Sapnap, sang.

“The sun goes down, the stars come out

And all that counts is here and now

My universe will never be the same

I'm glad you came

I'm glad you came”

The crowd erupted into claps, and the five onstage all bowed.

“Well, you five never dissappoint, do you guys?” Wilbur smiled, “I loved the mixing, the extra

chorus added to it, and the silence in the middle of it made it that much more intense. It was nice.”

“Thank you.” Dream spoke, panting softly.

Eret spoke next, “Karl, why have you never sang before?” they laughed softly.

“Uh...” Karl stuttered, looking to Quackity and Sapnap, who just smiled, “I dunno, honestly.”

“Your singing isn’t worse than anyone’s, and it’s a good change of tone from everyone else. I enjoyed hearing you sing.” Eret smiled, “looking forward to hearing you sing in the future.”

Karl smiled and nodded, “Thank you!”

Schlatt tapped on his table softly, “I don’t know what to say, Ferals. I’ve said what I needed to say in your last performances and that’s that. Your skills are amazing.”

“Thank you.” Dream spoke again.



They weren’t going to slack off just because Eggpire was forfeiting and they wouldn’t get eliminated.

The Paths took every step towards the finals - which they realized that they would be in - very seriously.

Ranboo held a ukulele that Tubbo taught him how to play, Purpled was with an acoustic guitar, Tommy and Tubbo stood each with a mic, no stand. They faced each other, adjusting their face coverings. Ranboo looked to Tubbo for confirmation, a nod was enough for him to hit a beat lightly on his wooden instrument. *“One two three four.”*

Purpled and Ranboo played their instruments. Tubbo got into character and so did Tommy. “Trust Me Not”, a song about a villian and a hero.

A balance that will never be achieved.

Tubbo was going to be the hero, Tommy was going to be the villain.

It felt like as if in another universe, this wasn't just a song they'd sing onstage, it would be a situation- a fight.

"What are you doing, dear

Aren't you tired?" Tubbo started, taking a step towards Tommy.

"God, what are you doing here?

I don't think that you were invited" He turned away, stepping away from Tubbo who tried to grab his hand.

"Here you go again

Pretending that you love me

When just beneath the surface you're convinced

That you're above me"

Tubbo furrowed his brows, a frustrated emotion seeping into his voice, chasing after Tommy.

"Dig deep into the past

I've never been one for doing thing half-assed

If I'm here to save you, I'll be here forever

Just take my hand, I'll be your knight in shining armor" Tubbo held his hand out, and the instrumental stopped as everyone watched in anticipation.

Tommy scoffed, turning and smacking the brunette's hand away.

"You think you're a hero?"

The instrumental returned,

"And they'll tell you you are

So stoic and handsome

And you've come so far"

Tubbo's voice went soft, holding the hand that was smacked away seconds ago.

"You think you're a villain

But I know you're not

Under all that angst and anger

Is a beating human heart"

Tommy scoffed again, taking a step towards the shorter.

"What about the lonely little girls?"

Tubbo took a step back,

"I'm sorry!"

Tommy took another step, towering over the short boy,

"What about her monsters who prevailed?"

Tubbo didn't move,

"I'm sorry!"

Tommy grabbed Tubbo's hand, pushing him away.

"You never came to save my world"

Tubbo chased after Tommy as he walked.

"What about me?" Tommy,

"What about us?" Tubbo.

Tubbo grabbed the taller by the shoulders, turning him around.

“I recognize that you're upset

I know they did you wrong”

“Oh, you know nothing of me”

“But trust me, please believe me

This won't stop the hurt for long

We don't need to end like this

Look me in the eyes”

“Here comes the hero complex”

“I may be a villain-”

“-You call yourself a villain-”

“-But you're the one who lies-”

“-But we know it's a disguise.”

Tommy shrugged Tubbo's hand off,

“So, you're back at it again

Twisting and manipulating every word I've said?”

Tubbo shook his head quickly,

“Come on, you know that's not true

I'm just trying to help you

Let me help you!”

“You are not my hero!”

Tubbo took a step back at that.

“You don't know how it felt

What else could I do with

The cards that I've been dealt?”

Tubbo was pushed (harmlessly) to the floor, and he fell to his knees in an emotional pain.

“You are not the villain

You once held my hand”

“Stand up

Get out

Sometimes things don't go as planned”

The claps evened out, and Tubbo took Tommy's hand with a laugh, bowing dramatically. As the two instrument players smiled proudly.

♪ ♪.lllllll♯♯♯♯♯♯♯♯. ♪ ♪

“Now that all the bands are onstage...” Austin scanned the three groups, “We shall announce the places.”

“Can we go from the last?” Ant suggested, and his bandmates nodded in agreement, the other two bands didn't really want to object.

“... Sure.” Austin didn't really need to flip his cue cards, but did so anyway. “With 7300 votes in total, the last place, with 2423 votes is...”

Eggpire seemed to be pleased with their way to go, the Paths averted their eyes, though no one could see, and the Ferals just looked out to the audience.

“Eggpire.”

Hannah sighed softly, “Thank you guys for the opportunity, we don’t have Bad with us for this performance so we *were* lacking a little, but that was enough. Thank you all.” She bowed, and her bandmates followed.

“Now, second place is... with 2433 votes,” Austin looked over to the Paths, “Divergent Paths.”

“Thank you guys!” Tubbo was the only one who spoke, bowing a little.

“And lastly, first place, again, may I add, with 2444, everyone’s so close today, is the Feral Boys!”

The Ferals spoke another word of thank you, before the episode ended.

The Paths were in the finales.

Chapter End Notes

AA

Online to Offline pt 8

Chapter Summary

Pre-finale :D

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Welcome, ladies, gentlemen and everyone in between,” Austin came onto the stage, and the crowd cheered loudly, “to the Online to Offline season two finale!”

The crowd cheered even louder as the nerves set in for everyone backstage, including the staff. This was huge, they had a few days of break, where the other four episodes was uploaded onto the stations and YouToob. Bad came back from the hospital with a cast on his arm, reassuring everyone that he was fine.

They were still going to perform in the finale, all of them were.

“Our two finalists are... Divergent Paths and The Feral Boys!”

Tubbo blinked, taking in a deep breath. They had done this before, in the school competition, they just had to do it again. He stared Dream in his eyes, bright emerald greens meeting a darker, muted spruce. Dream broke eye contact first and looked back towards his boyfriend. Tubbo looked away from the group to his.

“And before we get real heated with the competition part, we have more judges!” Austin gestured to the judges’ table. “Along with Wilbur, Eret and Schlatt, we have the newest stars, Lilypichu, Corpse Husband and Derivakat! And along with new, the classics are here too, DanTDM, LDShadowlady and SmallishBeans.”

The crowd clapped and cheered for the six new guests. After a second, Austin spoke, “Today’s voting style is...” He looked to his cue cards, “Two rounds of voting, one, by popularity, the live audience here and online gets a vote for before the performance from the finalists, just by impression, who would you like to win? And the second vote would be for after the performances, which performance did you like better?” Austin finished explaining, “That was a mouthful, now, do we understand?”

“Yes!” the crowd shouted, and the chat went crazy with confirmations.

“Good! Now, let’s get an intro performance from all of the bands, welcome Eggpire, Snowchester, Pink on White, Divergent Paths and the Feral Boys, performing Dear Maria, Count me in!”



They were all instrumental, just with mics in each of the people’s hands.

“*One two three four,*” Charlie spoke softly into the mic, Sapnap cleared his throat to start the sing, the orchestra in the background started playing.

Dream was the first to sing, a single spotlight on the boy.

“I got your picture, I’m coming with you, dear Maria, count me in”

Tubbo followed quickly, being appointed as the leader of his band. The spotlight moved from Dream to him.

“There’s a story at the bottom of this bottle, and I’m the pen”

The instrumental played out, and on the screen behind them, clips of the past performances zoomed by.

Bad sung next, being the leader of his band, the spotlight moving towards him.

“When the lights go off, I want to watch the way you take the stage by storm”

Puffy sung together with Niki, they didn’t want to choose a leader, and the staff allowed them to sing together, since it was only two. They shined under the spotlight, the only star in the darkness onstage.

“The way you wrap those boys around your finger, go on and play the leader”

Charlie was appointed leader by Jack, and was heavily disappointed once he found out what Niki

and Puffy had done, and couldn't change it so Jack could sing a solo- *duet* with him.

"'Cause you know it's what you're good at, the low road for the fast track"

"Make every second last" Jack sung, a compromise between the staff and Charlie that spark an inside joke between the five bands.

They all sang together, all nineteen of them basking in the stage lights as the crowd cheered, the chat going insane.

"'Cause I got your picture, I'm coming with you, dear Maria, count me in

There's a story at the bottom of this bottle, and I'm the pen

Make it count when I'm the one who's selling you out

'Cause it feels like stealing hearts calling your name from the crowd"

They all jammed as the instrumental played out, smiles on their faces.

Tubbo sang next, the spotlight returning to him, and the other lights shutting down.

"Live and let live, you'll be the showgirl of the home-team

I'll be the narrator, telling another tale of the American dream" He sung, almost a challenge towards Dream as he faced the taller boy halfway through the lyrics.

Dream raised a brow, brushing his hair away from his eyes as he returned the lyrics,

"I see your name in lights, we can make you a star

Girl, we'll take the world by storm, it isn't that hard"

The light spread out again as all of them sang the chorus,

"'Cause I got your picture, I'm coming with you, dear Maria, count me in

There's a story at the bottom of this bottle, and I'm the pen

Make it count when I'm the one who's selling you out

'Cause it feels like stealing hearts calling your name from the crowd, woah-oh-oh"

Dream and Tubbo, the two leaders of the finalists both separated from the rest of the groups as a constant drum beat made everyone clap along, the crowd cheering in anticipation as the two were face to face, a single spotlight on them as the other singers taunted in a teasing way.

They both sang, like a battle of who would outsing the other,

“Take a breath, don't it sound so easy? Never had a doubt, now I'm going crazy

Watching from the floor

Take a breath, and let the rest come easy, never settle down, 'cause the cash flow leaves me

Always wanting more”

The nineteen of them was again shown into the light and they danced, singing the chorus one last time happily.

“'Cause I got your picture,”

Tubbo sang the next line alone, *“I'm coming with you”*

Dream followed, *“ dear Maria, count me in”*

It went back to all of them,

“There's a story at the bottom of this bottle, and I'm the pen

Make it count when I'm the one who's selling you out

'Cause it feels like stealing hearts calling your name from the crowd”

Dream and Tubbo faced each other one last time.

“'Cause I got your picture, I'm coming with you, dear Maria, count me in

There's a story at the bottom of this bottle...”

The stage went dark again.



(TO GET THE FULL EXPERIENCE, LISTEN TO THE US THE DUO COVER)

Niki and Puffy went back onto the stage, Niki with just a mic, and Puffy had a mic *and* keyboard.
“*One two three four,*” Puffy spoke softly, playing the instrument.

Niki looked to her girlfriend for a moment

“I AM, eyes closed, I'm slowly falling

To the music and the atmosphere

Now and then, I feel lights fading softly

All over me and I remember last year”

“When I was alone in my bed

With all these thoughts in my head

And living silently inside”

For the chorus, Niki sang the main bits, while Puffy harmonized softly.

“It's so late in the night, my mind is drifting away

Then I dream about times I wished for a new happier day

If a hand could reach out right now and save my life somehow

I'll face the sun again as soon as this dreary night ends”

The instrumental stopped for a moment, before Puffy tapped her feet slightly to an internal beat.

“One two three...

Don't wanna go down like this

My head's in a place that I don't miss

So ugly, so grumpy

Sleepin' in the meantime, just stay comfy

Once everything's said and done

I know I'll be okay, I will overcome

I'm hoping, I'm coping, I'm here

I remember last year”

She sang, instead of rapping, which was never a strong suit.

Niki took over again, singing the chorus.

“When I was alone in my bed

Unhappy thoughts in my head

And living silently inside-”

“-inside-”

“-Just keeping all to myself

Wished I could be somewhere else

Back when I could only hide”

Puffy sang again, Niki being backup, stopping the piano and the two just snapping their fingers to the beat,

“It's so late in the night, my mind is drifting away

Then I dream about times I wished for a new happier day”

Puffy started up the piano again, Niki singing louder, Puffy switching to backup.

“If a hand could reach out right now and save my life somehow

I'll face the sun again as soon as this dreary night ends”

Puffy stopped for an instrumental, Niki looking at her proudly as she played, a smile playing on her lips. She pressed the mic closer to her lips.

“It's so late...”

Puffy continued,

“In the night..”

“My mind is...”

The two harmonized the next part, their voice clashing together like the sand and waves.

“Drifting away.”

Niki continued,

“And I dream...”

Puffy harmonized.

“I dream~”

“Of a time-”

The sung together,

“I wished for a new, happier day”

It returned to just Niki, Puffy backing up with harmonies.

“If a hand could reach out right now and save my life somehow

I'll face the sun again as soon as this dreary night ends”

The instrumental stopped, and Niki pressed herself closer to the mic.

“I'll face the sun again as soon as this dreamy night ends”

The audience clapped, and the two sat in anticipation, looking towards Lilypichu (which they did not know was attending the event, and she wrote the damn song). The half pink, half black haired girl looked at the two onstage, and clapped with a smile.

The two sighed with relief.



Charlie and Jack found themselves in the same situation. They stared at the barely there outline of the masked judge in the dark, and looked at each other. As soon as the light shined on them, they sighed.

“Hi Mr. Corpse,” Jack looked the man in the eyes.

Corpse hesitated. “Yes?”

“We’re gonna sing your song,” Charlie spoke.

“Well, go ahead.”

“Good luck.” DanTDM laughed softly.

“I should have done we are never going back to the neth-”

“NOPE-”



Charlie had his computer just play the instrumental, there were too many instruments for the two people.

The instrumental started, and Jack looked to Charlie, the latter motioning for the bald man to start. With a sigh, Jack did just that.

“Choke me like you hate me, but you love me

Low-key wanna date me when you fuck me (Uwu)

Touch me with the lights off and my chains on
Baby, I'm not the right one you should wait on"

Charlie continued the song immediately after the chorus.

"She a freak, lil' bad ho
Gaspare told me kill it, I said, "Let me grab my Death Note"
Uh, she pulled me in like a lasso
Sayin' that she know me, I don't even know her at, though
Ain't no daddy issues, then I won't even bother
She say I kill her cat like I'm Luka Magnotta
Real bad bitch, pussy bald like Saitama
They used to hate me, now they want me, bitch, I feel like I'm Gaara"

Jack followed,

"Uh, girl, you fuckin' with a wrong one
Fuck his team, fuck your clique, bitch, I'm on one
Fuck your stream, fuck your clip, you ain't saw one
Got your bitch on my dick like she want one"

The instrumental played as the two caught their breath, and Charlie did the entire second verse as Jack tried to hold in a laugh from the mixed feeling of just them doing this in front of the song's creator.

"Look and she got Death Note, dead souls, split dye, chain cold
Think I fell in love when she said, "Grab me by the neck," though
All through the night, colder than ice
Man, I swear these goth girls finna fuck up my life
Bat wing fly like the moon in the sky
She just look into my soul with them Shinigami eyes
Coke in my nose and a blade on her thigh
Man, I think this girl is really tryna plan my demise

It's the pumpkin patch king with the corpse with the ring

And she'd fuck my best friend if I die here today”

Jack finished with the chorus,

“Choke me like you hate me, but you love me

Low-key wanna date me when you fuck me

Touch me with the lights off and my chains on

Baby, I'm not the right one you should wait on”

The song finished and as the crowd clapped and cheered, they looked to Corpse for approval.

He nodded and clapped.



Hannah had a note to give to the audience before she sang, too. Fiddling with her sleeve, she leaned into the mic. “Sorry, but for our final song, we won’t be able to get Bad to sing, but he’s backstage listening. So yeah, enjoy! This is My Grand Plan.”

The crowd cheered, the band looked to each other, and Hannah nodded to their drummer.

“Five six seven eight!”

Ponk started on the keyboard, playing the loop, Hannah leaned into the mic, walking upstage slightly.

“You know the only gift my mom ever gave me?

A hat that makes you invisible

You put it on and no one can see you

Seemed appropriate”

The drums and bass started, and Ponk turned to another pattern.

“I've always been a smart girl

Always made the grade, always got the gold star

I've always been a smart girl

But smart girl only gets a girl so far”

Punz and Skeppy continued when Ponk stopped.

“You win at every single game

You want a quest, they tell you tough

If you don't go you'll never know if you'll ever be good enough”

It returned to just Ponk,

“My grand plan

Is that I will be remembered

My grand plan

Just you wait and see

You better wise up, cause I'll rise up

Bring on any challenge

And someday soon someone will notice me”

The drums and bass started again for the short instrumental before the second verse, Ant's guitar started right before Hannah sang again, now at the end of the stage, taking high fives from whoever reached out.

“I've always been a tough girl

Always been the one not to run from a fight

Always been a tough girl

Cause most girls never win if they're polite

So me, I tend to stand my ground

I found I never can give in

It may not be my quest but maybe it's mine to win”

The instrumental became more intense as she went onto the chorus,

“My grand plan

Is that I will be remembered

My grand plan

Just you wait and see

You better wise up, cause I'll rise up

Bring on any challenge

And someday soon the world will notice me”

The key suddenly changed while Hannah walked back towards upstage, Ponk playing riffs in the instrumental.

“And your stepmom treats you like some freak

And your dad won't give you the time of day

And your mom won't trust you with a quest

So the best thing you can do is run away”

The instruments went soft,

“Run away”

“But I have a plan

And I will be remembered

I will be brave

Just wait and see

You better wise up, cause I'll rise up”

After the high note, she turned back towards the audience, the instruments going harder.

“Bring on any challenge”

“And someday soon I swear

I don't know how or when

But I promise you I'll never be invisible again

Someone will notice me”

The instruments played the loop from the start again,

“I’ve always been a smart girl”

The song ended with practically a keysmash and the crowd clapped and cheered.



“Good luck!” the Ferals stood up as Austin spoke onstage to introduce the two bands. Dream had a competitive look in his eyes, and the four boys returned it. “You’ll need it.”

“So, we’re here again.” Tubbo stood up as well, “You five versus us four.”

“Let’s see how we’ve improved.” Dream held out a hand. “Friendship over everything?”

Tubbo took the taller’s hand. “Of course.”

This was it,

The finale.

Chapter End Notes

I ZOOMED THIS CHAPTER OUT MAN

this is great, I'm sleep deprived, and to that person who said in the bookmarks "author needs sleep and it shows but in the best way, 10/10, would read on loop lol"

...

thank you.

This Is Checkmate.

Chapter Summary

Kicking instruments down when they got frustrated, but never rough enough to break them. The first meeting, sitting awkwardly in a silent music room as Purpled filled the silence with a simple chord progression, Ranboo adding a riff, Tommy with a beat and Tubbo with melody. They were back there, just jamming out without a care in the world, as if the 6500 pairs of eyes weren't staring at them, it was just the four, back in Tommy's small, stuffy bedroom, barely enough space to move.

Purpled and Tommy sang the last verse, feeling as the pressure of being watched melted away, all that was left was four best friends.

"Now now," Austin took his place onstage after the Eggpire left, "We're here for one thing, the finale between the Feral Boys and Divergent Paths, right?!" Austin asked, and got an overwhelming yes. "Yeah! Okay everyone, today, we have the Ferals singing Freaks, and the Paths singing Tongue Tied, are we excited to hear?"

"YEAH!"

"Good, good!" Austin nodded. "So, let's have our before performance vote! Red for the Ferals, and Green for the Paths, guys! And as we tally up the votes, let's hear a song from Corpse, Lily and Derivakat, singing Stand Out, Fit in, mixed by Derivakat herself."

The audience clapped, going back to their voting as the three came onstage, Kat put a laptop down, and the three positioned themselves in front of mics. The instrumental started, and Lily hummed softly into the mic to start the song.

Kat sang first, the simple strumming of a guitar in the background.

"I know they don't like me that much

Guess that I don't dress how they want

I just wanna be myself, I can't be someone else"

Corpse sang next, his voice softer compared to his other music.

"Try to color inside their lines

Try to live a life by design

I just wanna be myself, I can't be someone else

Someone else”

Lily followed, the instrumental’s guitar softening.

“They yell, they preach

I've heard it all before”

Kat sang backup,

“Heard it all before”

Lily continued,

“Be this, be that

I've heard it before

Heard it before”

They all sang together, the instrumental turning more intense.

“Big boys don't cry

Shoot low, aim high

Eat up, stay thin

Stand out, fit in

Good girls don't fight

Be you, dress right

White face, tan skin

Stand out, fit in”

“Stand out, fit in

Stand out, fit in”

Corpse went first this time,

“Lately, it's been too much all day

Words shot like a cannon at me”

Lily went next,

“I just wanna be myself, I can't be someone else

Someone else”

Kat sang the pre-chorus,

“They yell, they preach

I've heard it all before”

Lily harmonized,

“I've heard it before”

“Be this, be that

I've heard it before

Heard it before”

They sang together again,

“Big boys don't cry

Shoot low, aim high

Eat up, stay thin

Stand out, fit in

Good girls don't fight

Be you, dress right

White face, tan skin”

“Stand out, fit in

Stand out, fit in

Stand out, fit in

Stand out, fit in

Stand out, fit in”

Kat stepped forwards, a spotlight towards her.

“I am who I am

No matter what”

Lily harmonized again,

“No matter what”

“No, Never changing

No matter what

No matter what” After the last note, the other two started singing as she continued to harmonized with “ooo”s.

“Big boys don't cry

Shoot low, aim high

Eat up, stay thin

Stand out, fit in

Good girls don't fight

Be you, dress right

White face, tan skin

Stand out, fit in”

“Big boys don't cry

Shoot low, aim high

Eat up, stay thin

Stand out, fit in

Good girls don't fight

Be you, dress right

White face, tan skin

Stand out, fit in”

“Stand out, fit in

Stand out, fit in

Stand out, fit in

Stand out, fit in”

The claps went over, and the three bowed before returning to their seats, Austin coming back onto the stage, “Now that we have the votes of the preshow, we shall head on with the performance aspect!”

The audience clapped again,

“First, we have the Ferals.”



Dream looked back towards Sapnap with a determined smile and a firm nod. “Go ahead.”

Sapnap nodded too. “*ONE TWO THREE FOUR!*”

George and Quackity started with the bass, George playing the melody and Quackity playing the background. Sapnap added the drums after a few beats.

Karl was without a keyboard, and Sapnap had borrowed Tommy’s drums. They were all going to sing together for the entire song. They were all in front of a mic, and tension rises as the instrumental continued. This was it, after all.

They all sung together,

“Don't kill me, just help me run away

From everyone, I need a place to stay

Where I can cover up my face

Don't cry, I am just a freak”



“I’m...” Dream’s emerald eyes glanced over the classroom. A very kind pair of green and purple eyes met his own. The brunette smiled a little, and Dream exhaled, gaining confidence. “I’m Dream.” He looked towards the back of the classroom, planning on just looking at the back wall, but he saw a black haired kid with a white bandana trying to make another black haired kid in a blue sweater laugh. “And I transferred from Florida.”

“Welcome, Dream.” The teacher smiled down kindly at the blond.

During lunch time, the brunette from before scooped Dream up, “Wanna eat lunch together?”

“S-sure!”

“Karl, who do you have there?” the bandana kid came in behind the two, the sweater kid following closely behind. The brunette, Karl, smiled. “Ooo the new kid.”

“Stop sounding like you’re gonna eat him, Sap!”

“Not literally, I’m no-”

“Sapnap!” Karl smacked the boy upside his head.

“You guys...” Dream paused, “Sound familliar. And that name- Sapnap...” His eyes widened, “*YOU’RE SAPNAP?!’*”

Sapnap blinked, “WAIT-”

“You’re Dream?!” Karl gasped. “From Minecraft?!”

“No fucking way!” the other black haired kid came up to the three, “Dream?!”

“Quackity?!”

“YO!”

“WE’RE IN THE SAME SCHOOL!” Karl exclaimed, happy. “LET’S GO!”

“Come on, Dream, let’s go eat lunch!” Sarnap swung his arm over the taller, walking to boy towards the cafeteria.

Not long after (about an hour later, in Music class), they decided they were going to make a band.



“Who you looking a-” Sappnap was cut off by following Dream’s vision to see George, the new transfer. “Come on, you can get *any* girl, and you see *him* ?!”

“I don’t want to hear it from a guy who is dating two idiots.” Dream took another sip of his drink, “I wanna talk to him.”

Sapnap shrugged. “Sure.”

“Okay, bye.” Dream took his tray and threw out the remaining contents, putting on his mask and ignoring the eyes glued to him as he walked by. He slid next to George. “Hey.”

The brunette almost spat out his food. “Dream-”

“So you know my name already, how convenient.”

“Well, all the girls talk about you. Why are you talking to me?”

“Let me guess ‘go talk to the girls instead?’” The shorter nodded. “You’re cute. Can you play an instrument?”

“... Bass.”

Dream smiled under his mask.

“I am just a freak

I am just a freak

I am just a freak”

As the instrumental went on, it was apparent that they have never changed, just five dudes, being dudes. From disappointing their very present, even currently (even though the man isn't disappointed anymore), music teacher. Running down the halls as the man tried to stop them from skipping class, which always ended in him just sighing and going back to class and the five going to Sapnap's garage.

“My head is filled with parasites

Black holes cover up my eyes

I dream of you almost every night

Hopefully I won't wake up this time"

Dream looked back towards his band, who were all smiling and just having a nice time, as if there wasn't thousands of pairs of eyes on them.

"I won't wake up this time

I won't wake up this time

I won't wake up this time”

The audience clapped, and Dream looked up towards the blinding stage lights and the judges, who were all clapping.

This felt like what they were destined for.

The stage.



Tongue tied was a hard song to sing, especially since it needed all four members at the same time, almost always. Tubbo furrowed his brows, looking at the keyboard in front of him before giving Tommy a firm nod, fire behind his sunglasses.

This had to be good enough to actually beat the Ferals, they weren't going down easy.

“One two three and four!” Tommy clicked his drumsticks together. Purpled started the guitar, Ranboo playing bass every now and then, after a few beats, Tubbo started the keyboard.

All four of them spoke into their mics, a cheer that sounded in between a “oh” and a “woo”.

Tommy started the drums and Tubbo played the melody of the chorus as a bell-ish sound, before Ranboo played a small riff in the instrumental.

They all sung together, Tubbo playing the melody with their singing as the others continued whatever they needed to do, Purpled with the chords, Tommy with the drums and Ranboo with his riffs.

“Ooh

Take me to your best friend's house

Goin' 'round this roundabout, oh yeah

Oh, take me to your best friend's house

I loved you then and I love you now, oh yeah”

“Don't take me tongue-tied

Don't wave no goodbye

Don't break”

Ranboo and Tubbo sang the next verse, practically screaming into their mics,

“Oh, take me to your best friend's house

Marmalade, we're making out, oh yeah

Oh, take me to your best friend's house

I loved you then and I love you now”

They all sang together again, continuing the instrumental.

“Don't take me tongue-tied

Don't wave no goodbye

Don't break”

The instrumental calmed to just Ranboo's riff.

Tommy spoke his part,

“One, two, three, four”

Tubbo sang the bridge, Tommy joining back into the instrumental.

“Don't leave me tongue-tied

Let's stay up all night

I'll get real high

Slumber party, pillow fight

My eyes on your eyes

Like Peter Pan up in the sky

My best friend's house tonight

Let's bump the beats 'til beddy-bye"

He sang another chorus, Tommy stopping the drums again.

"Don't take me tongue-tied

Don't wave no goodbye"

The instrumental intensified as Tommy hit the bass drum repeatedly.

"Don't take me tongue-tied

Don't kiss me goodnight"

Purpled added his guitar as Tubbo hovered over his keyboard.

"Don't, oh"

Kicking instruments down when they got frustrated, but never rough enough to break them. The first meeting, sitting awkwardly in a silent music room as Purpled filled the silence with a simple chord progression, Ranboo adding a riff, Tommy with a beat and Tubbo with melody. They were back there, just jamming out without a care in the world, as if the 6500 pairs of eyes weren't staring at them, it was just the four, back in Tommy's small, stuffy bedroom, barely enough space to move.

Purpled and Tommy sang the last verse, feeling as the pressure of being watched melted away, all that was left was four best friends, *"Take me to your best friend's house*

Goin' 'round this roundabout, oh yeah

Oh, take me to your best friend's house

I loved you then and I love you now"

They all sung together, for a final time in that competition. This was it.

This was checkmate.

"don't leave me tongue-tied

Don't wave no goodbye

Don't leave me tongue-tied

Don't

Don't leave me tongue-tied

Don't wave no goodbye

Don't leave me tongue-tied

Don't” They dragged out the last note as a scream, tears filling their eyes from a sense of nostalgia for something that hasn't even ended yet, and started a week or two ago.

It went back to just Purpled and Ranboo playing their instruments as the song ended.

All that was left was the results.

Four Idiots...

“Everyone, got your voting devices ready?!”

“YEAH”

“Now judges, hold off on your votes, we’ll be doing your votes later, but the audience and members of the media, vote red for the Ferals, green for the Paths. While we vote, let’s have another judge to sing, Wilbur Soot and Eret coming in with Since I Saw Vienna!”

The crowd clapped while Wilbur got up onto stage with his guitar, and Eret walked with him.

“Hey.” Techno looked over to see his adoptive dad, Phil, walk in.

“Late again.”

“... I’m sorry...”

“Just kidding,” Techno gave an understanding smile. “He’s about to perform.”

“Which song?” Philza stood next to his pink haired son, leaning on the wall.

“Since I Saw Vienna.”

“Nice.”

Wilbur scanned around to see his dad and brother, and his face lit up, smiling at the two. Phil gave an encouraging nod and Techno gave a thumbs up. Wilbur’s face - if it’s even possible - lit up further.

Wilbur looked to Eret, who nodded. Wilbur started the Guitar, the pattern soothing and calm, he

played it for a few beats before going to sing.

*“The cute bomber jacket you've had since sixth form
Adorned with patches of places you've been”*

Eret joined in, singing backup along with Wilbur.

“Is nothing on my khaki coat that I got”

It returned to just Wilbur.

“From a roadside when I was sixteen

My boots are from airports

My backpack's from France

I'm not a man of substance and so I'll pretend”

Eret came back,

“To be a wanderer, wandering

Leaving ascetic belongings in hostels and restaurant bins”

The instrumental went for a bit longer before Eret sang,

“The roads are my home as horizon's my target

If I keep on moving, never lose sight of it”

Wilbur sang backup with Eret this time,

“Treating my memory of you like a fire, let it

Burn out,”

It returned to just Eret.

“don't fight it and try to move on

It's been sixty weeks since I saw Vienna

A bandage and a wide smile slapped across my face”

The two harmonized nicely at the end of the verse,

"I'll pick up my hiking boots when I am ready

And I'll put down my roots when I'm dead"

Wilbur strummed once, and Eret pulled away from the mic,

“The distance is futile

Come on, don't be hasty

You'll get that feeling deep inside your bones

I'll be gone then when you must be alone"

The audience clapped as always, and Wilbur looked over to his father and adoptive brother, who were both clapping with a proud smile. Wilbur smiled back.



“We still have some time... so Dan.” Austin looked at the said man, “We’re going to need you to emergency sing a song, and since someone mentioned it before...”

“Oh no.”

“Can we get a Never Ever Going to the Nether?”

Dan sighed, “I suppose.” He borrowed Wilbur’s guitar and went onstage. “So, this song, if you kids don’t know, comes from 2012.” He strummed once to get used to the guitar, “So it’s going to be a little cringy.”

He started the strumming and picking pattern, and the audience cheered.

“Do you remember when we woke up

Already felt like I had enough

We hadn't played survival in a month

Why don't we try hard

What?!"

"You set up the i.p. and then you say 'come join me'

We found obsidian in like a day 'cause we're so

Frickin' good at surviving in this game

Built a portal the noises they aren't cool"

He moved up the stage, and the audience sang with him,

"Ooh~"

"We went to light it up last night but.."

"Ooh~"

"This time I'm scared of just walking through"

The strumming pattern changed as the chorus started,

"We are never ever ever, going to the nether!"

We are never ever ever, going to the nether!"

I heard there were pigmen and lots of souls and that slow you down

So we, are never ever ever ever going to the nether!"

The strumming pattern went back to normal.

"You say i'm being stupid and let's try, not to die

Going through the purple late at night

Making up excuses all the time

There's too many creepers out here just go through the damn thing!"

The crowd sang,

“Ooh~”

“We went to light it up last night but..”

“Ooh~”

“This time I’m scared of just walking through

We are never ever ever, going to the nether!

We are never ever ever, going to the nether!

I heard there were pigmen and lots of soulsand that slow you down

So we, are never ever ever ever going to the nether!”

“Ooh~ Ooh~ Ooh~”

“So we got to the other side of the portal, and it was just rubbish!

We pretty much died straight away with that stupid white thing flopping around in the air, spitting at us, making things explode... I mean, the lack of creepers are pretty cool, but- and there’s glowstone on the ceiling, but of course, you can’t get to it. So... what’s the use, what the hell does netherrack do anyways?!”

The guitar stopped.

“This is crap!”

The instruments came back as he went for the last chorus,

“We are never ever ever, going to the nether!

We are never ever ever, going to the nether!

I heard there were pigmen and lots of soulsand that slow you down

So we, are never ever ever ever going to the nether!”

The crowd clapped, and some people even cried from the nostalgia... that's kinda weirdchamp.



“We *finally* have the results!” Austin moved onstage, and the two bands followed. “And the current votes are.... 12649 for the Ferals, and 12403 for the Paths, a pretty even split!”

Tubbo blinked and turned to his bandmates. “What.”

“We’re only 200 points behind, we can still do this!” Tommy encouraged, “stay positive!”

“No but I’m surprised that we’re *this close* !” Tubbo jumped.

“WE’RE ONLY 200 BEHIND?!” Purpled shouted, finally realizing. Thank gods they don’t have a mic.

“WE’RE ONLY 200 BEHIND!” Ranboo confirmed with a high five.

“WOO!” Purpled jumped too, “WE CAN DO THIS!”

“Let’s hope so!” Tubbo laughed, excited too.

“Now,” Austin spoke again, “Judges, who wins this year’s Online to Offline is your decision. Choose wisely. Let’s start the vote off with the OGs! Let’s start with lizzy.”

The pink haired woman nodded, “After hearing the two performances, I have to say that the Ferals have a better grasp of their instruments, I’d have to give my vote to the ferals.”

“Thank you.” Dream spoke.

“Joel?”

“That’s funny, because I was going to vote for the Paths.” the man laughed, “Sorry Liz, but the Paths’ performance felt more... heartfelt, y’know? My vote goes to you.”

“Thank you.” Tubbo nodded.

“Dan?”

“The Paths, I appreciate the way you guys gave each of the members of the band their own spotlight, kind of, and um... green mas-”

“A,” Tubbo explained.

“A, you’re the lead singer, right?”

“Yes?”

“I can hear that and feel that, your voice is very nice.”

“Thank you!”

“Now, the new kids, let’s start with Lily.”

Lily paused. “Uh...” She scanned the bands, “Oh god this is hard, both bands did an excellent job, but I’d have to say that the song choice for their band was better with the Paths. I loved both songs, though.”

“Thank you!” Tubbo was breathless, they were catching up.

“Corpse?”

The man also paused, “Ferals, they have an energy that I can’t explain, and I adore it.”

“Thank you!”

“Kat?”

“Ugh, it’s so hard to choose!” Kat leaned back, “Paths, I really liked the cooperation between the four of you, you guys have a nice bond.”

“Thank you!”

They were back even.

“Now, the last three judges.” Austin looked to the three of the last judges. “Eret?”

Eret furrowed his brows, contemplating his choices, “Okay, I think - in a vocal standpoint - Dream’s band was better. The harmonies were nice and all of their voices came together nicely.”

“Thank you.”

“Schlatt?”

“... Paths, you guys have this- like Derivakat said, you guys have a very close knit bond, Ferals you guys too, but this is... Whole other level. You guys get my vote.”

“Thank you...” They all looked to Wilbur.

This was it.

“I...” Wilbur looked at the two expectant bands, “Oh Prime, I’m going to say, because of their mixing skills and passion, Paths.”

And that was that.

The Paths won.

“AND WITH THAT, LADIES, GENTLEMEN AND EVERYONE IN BETWEEN, WE HAVE OUR WINNERS FOR 2021 ONLINE TO OFFLINE!”

“CONGRATS!” Dream shouted above all the noise, and in that moment, they realized what was happening.

“WHAT.” Tommy was the first to scream.

“THE FUCK!” Purpled finished for him.

“WE WON!” Tubbo threw himself at the three.

“WOO!” Ranboo collected the three into a group hug.

“We won!” Tubbo started crying.

“We won.” Ranboo confirmed, also crying.

“We have to do the promise now...” Purpled laughed softly, also sobbing.

“We do.” Tommy sighed, trying to cover up his tears.



@DivergentPathsOfficial

If we win tonight, all four of us will do a face + name reveal. This is not to buy your tickets, just a way to push ourselves out there!

--- @TheFeralBoysOfficial

After (not so) careful consideration, I will face reveal if we win :) - Dream



“So, we won...” Tubbo spoke into the mic, still crying a little. “So, hi. You know us as Divergent Paths, I’m path A.”

“Path B.” Purpled waved.

“C,” Ranboo also waved.

“D,” Tommy followed suit.

“But what you don’t know is...” Tubbo looked to the other three, who all gave him looks of *haha we’re fucked*. “We, like many teenagers, have what you’d call human faces.” Tubbo took off his mask and sunglasses. “Hi, I’m Tubbo.”

The other three followed suit. “I’m Purpled.”

“I’m Ranboo.”

“And I’m Tommy.”

“Thank you guys!” Tubbo exclaimed loudly into the mic, and took a bow. The other three followed.



And that's the story of how four dumbasses became a band, and how four different paths became one.

And that's on pushing four idiots into the spotlight.

AUTHOR'S NOTE

Chapter Summary

:P

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

HEY YOU

YES YOU

this is my first serious fic on Ao3, and I'm so excited to see this get so many views and kudos!

Thank you all for reading, this was deffo a trip.

I will be posting more soon! I have another series planed, and maybe... there'll be a sequel!

I also have some other fics on this account (a oneshot, a spoken word, a oisuga and a DNF) so check them out!

In the mean time, join the discord to be notified on when I'll be posting!

discord.gg/2NVn73TRuj

ANYWAYS

ILYA I WILL ALSO POST A CHAPTER OF ALL THE FANART I GET BECAUSE I
ALREADY GOT SOME JFSOJFJSF

IF YOU MAKE ANY, TAG ME ON TWT, @EnchanLive

OR SEND IT TO Enchan#2749

THANK YOU

<3 Enchan

Chapter End Notes

[DISCORD LINK HERE](#)

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!